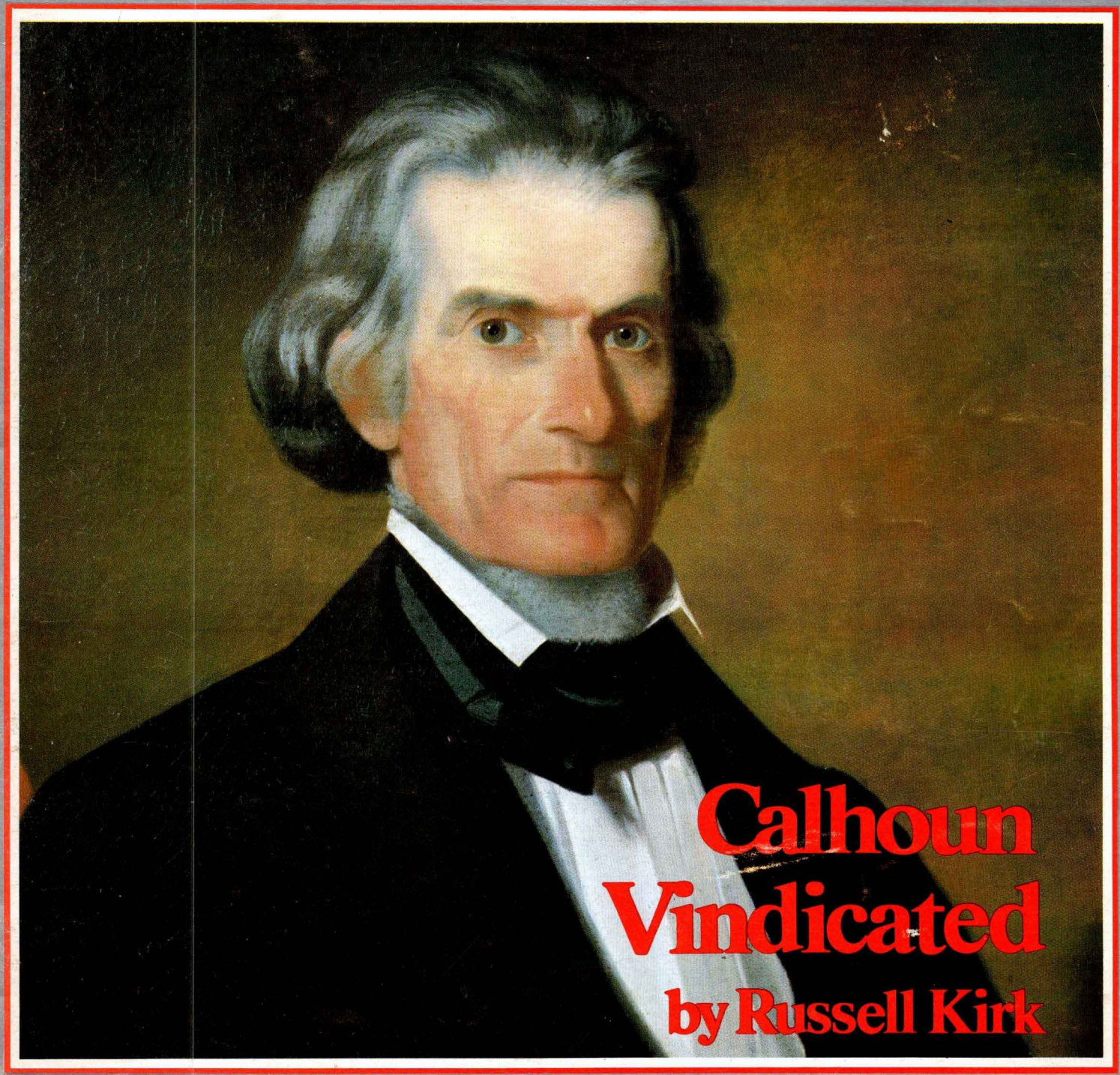
THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

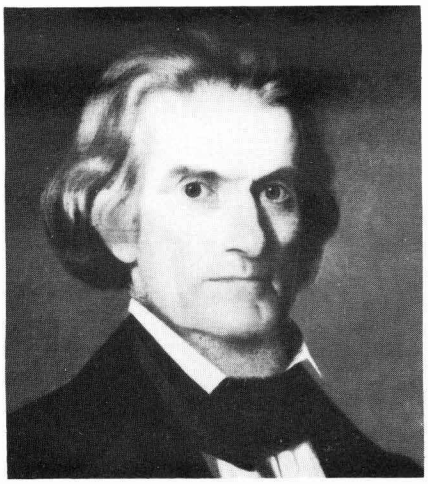
VOLUME 3, NUMBER 1 WINTER 1983

3 NEW COLUMNS
BUCKLEY
HURLEY
WORKMAN



Calhoun Vindicated
by Russell Kirk

ALSO INSIDE: A lively conversation with J. Evetts Haley, Tom Landess on L.B.J. and much more...



About The Cover...

The portrait of John C. Calhoun is by William Harrison Scarborough, a South Carolina artist.

The initial history of this painting is best told in the words of Scarborough himself.

"In the Fall of the year, 1847, I was commissioned by a Committee of the Clariosophic Society of the South Carolina College to paint a portrait of Mr. CALHOUN. The pleasant task was executed at Fort Hill. The portrait was approved by the Family. Hon. A.P. CALHOUN insisted upon taking it with him to Alabama. I assented. His father consented to give sittings for another, which also proved to be a good likeness, and now hangs in the Clariosophic Hall.

These portraits are taken in oil—the original giving personal sittings for each. Mr. CALHOUN's library room was situated a few paces distant from his dwelling house. It then served as my studio, and here he came to commence sittings several times before breakfast. These over, I accompanied him in his rambles over his well managed farm. After tea, a few games at chess, and social conversation with his excellent family, closed the day." (*Charleston Courier*, September 19, 1859)

The painting owned by the State Museum is the one that Andrew Pickens Calhoun took with him to Alabama and remained in the hands of his descendants until it was purchased by the State Museum in 1979. The second painting that Scarborough completed belongs to the Clariosophic Society of the University of South Carolina. Unfortunately, this painting was exhibited in the Society on the top floor of one of the buildings on the University Horseshoe and it received extensive damage. When the portrait was restored several years ago it was in such bad condition that the conservator made several errors in reconstructing the face of Mr. Calhoun.

The painting owned by the State Museum was in good condition when it was purchased and had never undergone any type of restoration. It has been subsequently cleaned, revarnished and a small hole in the top has been repaired. To my knowledge this is the only traditional oil on canvas portrait of Calhoun executed by a South Carolina artist.

—Rodger E. Stroup
Curator of History
South Carolina Museum Commission

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

A Publication of the Foundation for American Education

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 1 WINTER 1983

FEATURES

KIRK ON CALHOUN

John C. Calhoun speaks as potently today from his grave as he did over a hundred years ago in the halls of the United States Senate. **Russell Kirk,** one of the great men of our time, reflects on the power of Calhoun's logic and the continuing need to heed his warnings...beginning on page 10.

THE PARTISAN CONVERSATION

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THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

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President and Publisher
Charles Scott Hamel

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Richard M. Quinn

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Richard T. Hines

SENIOR EDITORS
Guy Story Brown
W.D. Workman, Jr.

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Wayne Adams

ART
Karis Hallman
Ginny Wessinger

EDITORIAL ADVISORS AND CONTRIBUTORS
F. Reid Buckley
William F. Campbell
Allan D. Charles
Allison Dalton
Robert Drake
John P. East
Rod Gragg
Michael Jordan
Russell Kirk
E. Christian Kopff
Thomas H. Landess
Andrew Lytle
James B. Meriwether
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James J. Thompson, Jr.
Robert W. Whitaker

The *Southern Partisan Quarterly Review* was founded in 1979 by Tom Fleming of McClellanville, South Carolina, who published two issues. The magazine was later acquired by the Foundation for American Education. Publication was resumed under the shorter title, *Southern Partisan*, in the summer of 1981.

PARTISAN LETTERS

Ringing the Bell

Gentlemen:

I just received my first issue of the *Southern Partisan*. I feel it was well worth paying my college tuition late to subscribe to this excellent magazine.

Concerning the "Family Reunion" piece in the *Obiter Dicta* section (Summer '82 issue) is it possible that the Puritan/Consolidationists (I prefer Alexander Stephens term so as not to offend any conservative-minded Northerners) perceive Southern political principles as evil? Since the South has opposed Consolidationist legislation on the grounds of adherence to the principles of delegated and reserved powers, and since the Puritan/Consolidationist views his goals as righteous and any opposition to righteousness must be evil, then it would follow that from the Puritan point of view, the tools and opposition would be evil likewise. Southern political principles to the Southerner would become in the Puritan mind what a gun is to the criminal. This suggests that the forces of Consolidation would develop a sort of Pavlovian opposition when the bell of States' Rights is rung. Evidence of this exists as the President's rather mild New Federalism program draws much opposition, not so much because those in opposition disagree on the prudence of the program but that they feel it is a mask for latent racism, and is thus evil.

With Respect and Admiration,
Michael J. Hauversbuck
Havana, Florida

Dear Sir:

Who knows why the heathen rage? We know only that they do and that we aim to keep them off our property. Thanks for your thoughtful letter.

—The Editors

An Italian Admirer

Gentlemen:

I am an Italian journalist and writer and in my job I am particularly interested in the political, cultural and historic reality of the United States.

With great pleasure I read about the *Southern Partisan* magazine. The great and epic history of the South has always fascinated me and I am very glad to know that the spirit of the old and great culture of the South is still alive.

If you please I would know something more about your initiative and above all I would like to know the way the Southern Heritage is felt today in the cultural and political life of the South in particularly and of the States more in general.

Thank you for all the information you will give to me and my best wishes for your journal.

Sincerely,
Giorgio Cirillo
Largo Pannonia 23
00183 Rome—Italy

Dear Sir:

We are sending you a complimentary issue of the Partisan *and have included your full address above in the event that some of our readers may be inclined to exchange letters with you. Thank you for your interest in the South.*

—The Editors

Reid the Right Buckley

Gentlemen:

I must tell you how much I enjoyed Reid Buckley's article regarding the Catholic Church. Though I am a practicing Catholic, I feel that our Bishops have made fools of themselves.

Let's have lots more of Reid Buckley's talents...I would love to know the relationship between [Reid and William Buckley]...A most interesting family.

Sincerely,
Mary E. Parish
Raleigh, North Carolina

Dear Madam:

Reid is the Southernmost Buckley. He resides most of the year in Camden, South Carolina, where he writes first-rate fiction, including The Eye of The Hurricane *and* Servants and Their Masters. *Reid and Bill are brothers.*

As to your request for "lot's more," notice the back page of this issue. Reid Buckley begins a regular column for us entitled "The Last Word." Which, in debate, he usually gets.

—The Editors ⊠

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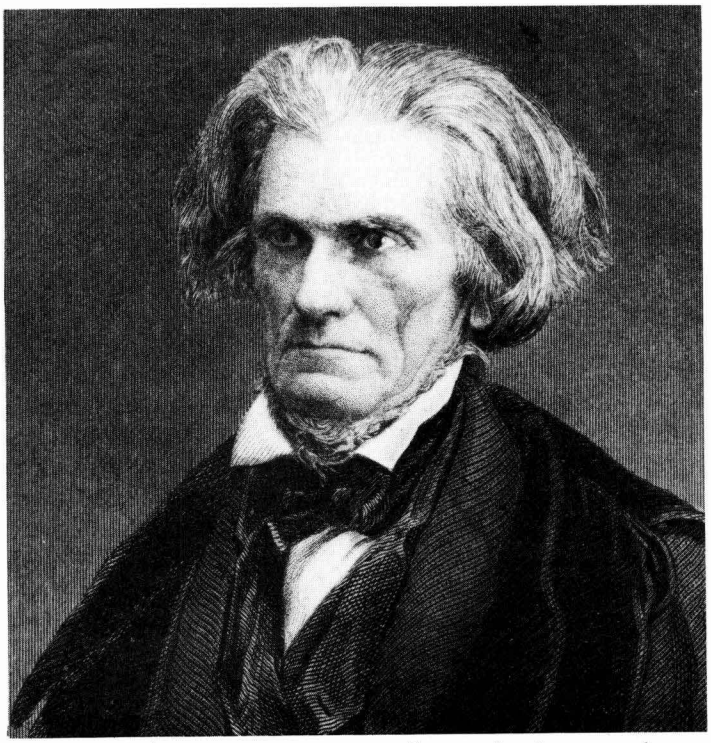
A PARTISAN VIEW

Richard M. Quinn

John Caldwell Calhoun The 200th Anniversary



Too often, John C. Calhoun is thought of today simply as a fire-eater on the matter of States' Rights, as a Draconian presence from Southern history who set his teeth against the abolitionists. In other words, like so much else in Southern history, Calhoun is treated in caricature—a name attached to a faded portrait of an old man with burning eyes and a wild shock of white hair.

In fact, Calhoun was an enormously talented philosopher-statesman, known and respected in his time throughout the civilized world. A nineteenth century British diplomat proclaimed that Calhoun could "command more admiration (abroad)...than any other statesman of Europe and America." A prominent French army officer compared Calhoun's grasp of military affairs to that of Napoleon. We forget that Calhoun narrowly lost a bid for the American presidency in 1824, that he served as Secretary of War, Secretary of State and twice as Vice-President, a position from which he resigned to become an independent voice in the United States Senate.

This champion of the American South was born on a farm in old Abbeville District, South Carolina, the son of a Scotch-Irish emigrant. And like all Southerners, he never lost his sense of roots. As his influence grew, Calhoun was welcomed to the social circles in both Charleston and Washington. But Calhoun never lost his attachment to the red hills of the Carolina upcountry, where he established his home at Fort Hill and where he returned whenever he could to tap the farm life that was the source of his feeling and purpose.

Early in his career, Calhoun was a nationalist, particularly in military affairs. During his tenure as Secretary of War under President Monroe, Calhoun completely reorganized the War Department, introducing a bold new efficiency program without which (ironically) the later outcome of the War Between the States might well have been altered.

During the 1820's Calhoun's ideas about central government began to change. Presiding over the Senate as Vice-President under John Quincy Adams, Calhoun was profoundly influenced by the States' Rights arguments of the eloquent Senator from Roanoke, Virginia—John Randolph. By the time Andrew Jackson became President in 1828 (with Calhoun again as Vice-President) the Carolinian was no longer disposed to help the President in gaining additional executive control over the states.

The 1828 "Tariff of Abominations" created a permanent protective tariff which in Calhoun's judgment required Southern farmers and planters to subsidize with their tax dollars the economic interests of the industrial North. To correct this unconstitutional inequity he proposed his nullification doctrine, allowing states not well-served by the tariff to nullify it within their borders. Jackson was enraged, threatening to hang Calhoun for his treachery. Calhoun resigned as Vice-President and carried his fight to the Senate where he waged a fifteen year battle for Southern minority rights—a battle aimed at preserving the union of states by allowing a degree of political and economic freedom to flourish within them. He sought in short to save the union by preventing it from becoming an empire.

Unfortunately the slavery question obscured all other issues. Calhoun's enemies, those who sought to consolidate power in Washington, were able to fortify their position with compelling moral argument. So the principle Calhoun fought for, the peace he sought in a union where substantial powers were reserved to the several states, exploded in war.

Calhoun died in 1850, a decade before the slaughter began. Shortly before his death, he told a friend he saw "dark forebodings" in the future. Those dark forebodings continue to haunt us today as we begin to experience the reality of his worst fears: a people without power in their communities ruled by the arbiters of imperial authority in Washington.

We are happy to devote most of this issue of the *Southern Partisan* to a reflection on the legacy of the greatest of our Southern statesmen. And we are especially happy that Russell Kirk has agreed to help us analyze the relevance of Calhoun's thought to the 1980's. Dr. Kirk's new essay on Calhoun, written especially for the *Partisan*, is followed in this issue by a reprint of his section on Calhoun from *The Conservative Mind*. We asked Dr. Kirk to lead us in these reflections because he, as much as anyone living, is the personification of the hope we have left that yet all is not lost.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

W. D. Workman, Jr.

The Book of Books

The American people, and most particularly their representatives at the state and national levels of government, are undergoing one of their periodic debates —formal and informal—as to the role religion shall be allowed to play in public schools. From the halls of Congress down to the chamber of local school boards and town councils, the question is being argued with varying degrees of conviction and intensity.

During the Christmas season just past, arguments surfaced in some communities as to the propriety of using religious scenes in the course of public observances of the Yuletide. Elsewhere, the issue spilled over into criticism of the practice of distributing gift Bibles among student bodies of public institutions. In support of their respective positions, in almost every instance the proponents as well as the opponents of such practices cited the now-familiar section of the U.S. Constitution which clearly states that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof...."

The very language of that provision lends itself to conflicting interpretations—not only at the judicial level, but at the legislative and executive levels as well. It seems safe to say that the issue will be in controversy for some time to come.

In the meanwhile, however, far too little attention is being paid to the proposition that at least a passing familiarity with the Bible, irrespective of version or origin, is essential to a comprehension of contemporary as well as classic Western literature.

It goes against the grain to regard the Bible simply as a secular work—for it is not. But even if it were, just for the sake of argument, there is every reason that American students should become familiar with it as a background for their subsequent studies of English and American literature.

It is especially the King James Version of the Bible, completed in 1611, that has provided literate men with one of the truly great reservoirs of literary allusion. It stands thus as a background of immense width and depth, against which countless writings of yesterday and today are portrayed. And without a knowledge of the Bible, it is virtually impossible for one to gain full comprehension of Western literature.

Among literary titles inspired by the Bible, several come easily to mind. Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* remind one of the many references to *grass* as being many-leaved, common, and short-lived. Henry James' *Wings of a Dove* remind one also of another novel, *Wings of the Morning.* And *The Little Foxes* (that spoil the vines); *The Silver Cord* to be loosed; *The Golden Bowl* to be broken (James again); *A Lamp Unto My Feet;* and Morris West's *The Tower of Babel,* where the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth.

Pungent figures of speech—*fleshpots of Egypt, thorn in your side, unstable as water;* startling revelations like the *chariot of fire, the burning bush,* the surprisingly *still small voice.* The *dreamer of dreams* probably ate the *bread of adversity*! The hyperbole of *darkness which may be felt,* or the awesome sound *like the rushing of many waters,* or the multitude *many as the sand which is by the sea.*

Characters and situations that enrich our perceptions, like *Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord; Joseph,* the father's favorite, who had *a coat of many colors; Jacob's ladder,* which stretched to Heaven; the reckless *Jehu,* who drove his chariot *furiously;* the unlucky *Jonah,* and *Job's* miserable *comforters; Daniel in the lion's den,* to which he had been *brought as a lamb to the slaughter;* and the surprisingly good advice from an unexpected source, *Balaam's ass*!

...without a knowledge of the Bible, it is virtually impossible for one to gain full comprehension of Western literature.

Virtuous women are like wives— a *helpmeet, Adam's rib,* the *wife of thy bosom*—or daughters-in-law such as *Ruth* ("Whither thou goest, I will go"). Indeed, *who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies*! On the other hand, the treacherous wife *Delilah* betrayed the strength of her husband *Samson;* and *painted Jezebel,* though a queen, was flung from her high window, and *her blood was licked by dogs. Lot's wife,* disobediently curious, was even *turned into a pillar of salt*!

Romantic love is not overlooked in the Bible: *The Song of Songs* is one of the greatest love poems ever written. But from that book and others in the Bible, we may even put together a little scenario: It is spring, and *the voice of the turtle* [dove] *is heard in our land.* According to *the way of a man with a maid,* the lover *hast the dew of* his *youth* and *stolen waters are sweet.* He sings, *"Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick* [*because*] *of love!"* But *hope deferred maketh the heart sick,* and the lover mourns, *"I have played the fool—the half was not told to me.* I have *a wounded spirit* and *a broken heart!"*

Domestic wisdom advises, *Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it. Go to*

continued on page 43

Editor's Note: Mr. Workman is a distinguished Southern warrior in the field of ideas, where the power of his pen and voice have made a major impact. Editor, author and political activist, he begins with this issue a regular column for the *Partisan.*

OBITER DICTA

Thank God for Alabama

On Friday, January 14, 1983, United States District Judge W. Brevard Hand rendered a 66-page decision on the issue of prayer in school that (if it stands appeal) represents a major victory for States' Rights in America.

Judge Hand, who accurately described his ruling as a "cry in the wilderness" said very simply tht the Constitution of the United States gives the federal government "no power to fix the moral direction of the nation." The authority to deal with religious and moral issues, he said with clarity reminicent of saner times, "was intended by the framers of the Constitution to be a power reserved to the several states." Ah, words to be relished! A lot of us were beginning to think those words would never again be uttered by a federal judge.

Here, briefly, is the background:

In 1962 (as everybody knows) the U.S. Supreme Court, in a split ruling, prohibited "officially sponsored" prayer in public schools. Twenty years later (early 1982) the Alabama State Legislature passed a law allowing authorized teachers to lead "willing students" in a non-denominational prayer. Immediately, the law was challenged by a man named Ishmael Jaffree, an agnostic who claimed that the "Give-Us-Lord-Our-Daily-Bread" prayer emotionally harmed his three children. So the case was heard by Judge Hand in federal district court.

During the trial, the opposing lawyers marched out preachers, parents, school officials and philosophy professors to argue the pro's and con's. One muddled philosophy prof from Auburn University (Delos McKown, PhD) suggested that "there is a real problem for Christian Americans." The Constitution, he said in testimony before the court, "does not recognize a law above itself," does not, in other words, recognize God's law. On these "Constitutional grounds" the professor went on to urge that the court abolish school prayer.

As it turned out, Judge Hand's reading of the Constitution was a bit different. Article Ten of the Bill of Rights reserves "to the states respectively, or to the people" all powers not specifically "delegated to the United States by the Constitution." And the last time we checked, the Constitution did not delegate to federal courts the power to decide whether or not our children can pray over their peanut butter in school.

With resounding force, Judge Hand's decision put the matter in its proper context. The language of the First Amendment is crystal clear: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion..." (from this, jurists have generalized the doctrine of the separation of church and state; but the above is merely the first phrase of a compound sentence that continues:) "...or prohibiting the free exercise thereof..." In other words, on the subject of God, Congress shall do nothing—neither establish nor prohibit. Therefore, it becomes a matter reserved to "the states respectively, or to the people."

We agree with Alabama's ex-Governor James, who led the prayer Bill through his legislature. Judge Hand's ruling "breathes new life into the Constitution of these United States."

Mr. Jaffree, the agnostic, has announced plans to appeal. "If I didn't," he said, "I'd be boiled in oil." Hmm.

Meanwhile, let's all pray that the judgment of the Supreme Court, where this case will ultimately be decided, has improved since 1962.

How Secure is the System?

Remember 1964?

You know, way back when the fellow from Arizona with big horn-rims was running for President—the one with all the crazy ideas. Like how we ought to make Social Security voluntary, allowing folks to provide for their own retirement through a private plan if they wanted to, since private insurance companies offer much better benefits for much less money.

"Heavens-to-Mergatroid," we were told by the guardians of big government, "you do that and Social Security will be bankrupt in 20 years!" So we rejected the counsel of the "extremist" from Arizona. Now, here we are, 20 years later, and the S.S. System is, uh—well, in a word, bankrupt. The President's Commission on Social Security Reform tells us that we need 150-200 *billion* dollars in heroic life-support by 1990 to keep the System alive, like a comatose patient hooked-up to the federal-money-machine. The Commission is urging Congress to increase the Social Security payroll tax toll quickly and to extend the program to cover presently exempt federal workers, among other reforms designed to generate fast money to keep the Social Security System solvent.

The truth is that a universal Social Security System, created as an emergency measure during the Great Depression, is a dinosaur in the tarpit of modern economics. It is a huge, inefficient bureaucracy with inadequate benefits going to those who really need help because the bulk of the agency's budget is being used (a) to pay benefits to middle and upper income Americans and (b) to pay the salaries of the expanding network of federal workers employed nationally to pass out the checks.

Why is the prevailing assumption in the Administration and Congress that Social Security must survive as it is pres-

ently constituted? Why are they not looking at truly innovative alternatives like setting minimum retirement standards and making block grants to the States to care for their own retired citizens? Or else reducing the size of the national System gradually, with the ultimate aim of having federal Social Security cover only lower income families, while encouraging more fortunate Americans to invest in IRA's or various retirement plans offered by private carriers?

Of course, we know the answer. A generation of demagogy, beginning with the effective campaign to discredit Goldwater in 1964, has made of the Social Security System a sacred cow, entirely immune from being the subject of rational political discourse. If the beast is in trouble, dying of its own weight, why—then—let's save it somehow, because we have sold everybody on the idea that the beast is our servant, our only buffer against destitution in old age. And besides, Social Security benefits continue to be the most tangible return the average Joe gets in a life-time of being bled by the government. So on a diet of scraps, before long, scraps begin to seem precious.

It is one thing to dedicate ourselves to the proposition that the elderly, after three-score years of productive citizenship, should be helped generously if they need it. But the federal government has no business declaring itself responsible for providing every single American with retirement benefits plucked from the public treasury. An efficient system of social security should cost less, give better benefits, be based on need and run by the States, where benefits can be tied to the cost of living in individual communities and coordinated with other entitlements.

Meanwhile, what we really need—more than the 200 billion bucks to save Social Security—is a few honest politicians, a few men in public life willing to sacrifice themselves, as Calhoun said, not *to* the people but *for* the people.

Boxing on the Ropes

George Will, the sometimes conservative columnist, seems to relish being thought of as unpredictable. So he spends a lot of his time in smug derailment from the main track.

Will's call, therefore, to outlaw the sport of boxing (after the fatal injury suffered last year by the Korean champion, Duk Koo Kim) came as no real surprise. But James J. Kilpatrick's me-too on the same issue is disturbing, especially considering that Kilpatrick is a Southerner whose instincts should steer him away from the Abolitionist Mentality.

Also surprising is the fact that Kilpatrick's research is uncharacteristically poor. For example, he commends the ancient Romans for their decision to ban boxing for 2,000 years. In fact, what the Romans abolished was gladiatorial slaughter involving the use of the *cestus* (the lethal granddaddy of brass knuckles) in fights to the death.

Boxing, as it has been practiced since the Marquis of Queenberry tamed the sport in 1867, rarely causes serious injury. A study released by the American Medical Association on sports medicine lists the killer sports in order: Horse racing, sky diving, hang gliding, mountain climbing, scuba diving, motor cycle racing and college football—all show a higher rate of death per 1,000 participants than boxing. But even if it were otherwise, so what? Freedom is a heady business.

Boxing was on the agenda at the Twenty-third Olympiad in 688 B.C. It is an ancient and manly sport, first introduced in America by the planters of the Old South whose sons, educated in nineteenth century England (where boxing was popular) brought back to the States an appreciation of the art of defending one's self only with the weapons God provided. Mr. Kilpatrick should reconsider the aid and comfort he is giving to the modern eunuchs who seek to drain our culture of its virility.

Where there are no risks, there is no life.

On The Death Of T. Kenneth Cribb A Gentleman Of The Old School

In his typically laconic style, General Robert E. Lee wrote:

"The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman. The power which the strong have over the weak, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly —the forbearing or inoffensive use of this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in plain light."

General Lee's concept of a gentleman was embodied in the life of the elder T. Kenneth Cribb of Spartanburg, South Carolina.

"Mr. Kenneth," a Trustee of Clemson University for many illustrious years, decidedly had many advantages in life—a genial nature, a charming and talented wife "Miss Dicksie" and a devoted family, including his son Ken Cribb (deputy to Edwin Meese, advisor to President Reagan) and last but not least, the redoubtable family retainer "Bessie." But the quality which best characterized him was that of Christian humility.

Mr. Cribb grew up in that still extant school of Southern tradition which teaches what Edmund Burke called "loyalty to the small platoon." After his family, church and native state, Mr. Cribb reserved a special place in his heart for the educational institution that grew up on the property of John C. Calhoun, named in honor of Calhoun's son-in-law, Thomas Clemson. It was at Clemson that Mr. Cribb edited the school paper "The Tiger" before going off to war and eventually returning to join the family peach business in Spartanburg.

A Southern gentleman in the true sense, Mr. Cribb—following General Lee's axiom—treated the humblest new part-time employee with the utmost respect and courtesy, always "forbearing the use of power." He was also an early supporter of the effort to establish this magazine, as a voice of the South he loved and served all his life.

We, together with his family, his school and legions of friends, grieve at his passing and honor his memory.

—*R.T.H.*

We Celebrate Also the Memory of Lee

January 19 is a day of singular importance to the Southern people. That is the day we celebrate the birth of Robert E. Lee, a magnificent soldier who fought bravely and well for a great nation.

A Virginian, General Lee was born in 1807. He graduated from West Point at the head of his class, with the highest possible cadet rank. Lee then served with distinction on the staff of General Winfield Scott during the Mexican War.

In 1861, General Lee was offered the command of a new army being formed to force the seceded States back into the Union. He refused, resigned from the army and took command of Virginia's forces. He later became military advisor to President Jefferson Davis and General in Chief of all the Confederate armies.

Volumes have been written on the life of Lee, his brilliance on the battlefield and his contribution to military history. One of the most telling measures of his greatness, however, can be found in the diary of a wounded Union soldier as he tells of his brief encounter with Robert E. Lee:

"I was at the battle of Gettysburg myself, and an incident occurred there which largely changed my views of the Southern people. I had been a most bitter anti-Southman, and fought and cursed the Confederates desperately. I could see nothing good in any of them. The last day of the fight, I was badly wounded. A ball shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As they came along I recognized him and though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as I could "Hurrah for the Union!"

The General heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted and came toward me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression on his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly and looking right into my eyes, said, "My son, I hope you will soon be well."

If I live a thousand years I shall never forget the expression on General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the General had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."

Above all, General Lee was a gentleman, bound by a sense of duty to defend his native land. Therefore, in honoring him we honor also the men who fought and died under his command.

In 1903, Colonel John Bell Towill, the son of a Confederate officer of Virginia, spoke before a reunion of Confederate veterans. He explained why it is important that we remember:

"All about us are those who are ready to tell us how to live, with too few to show us how to die. The world is wide, and its inhabitants are of every type, but among them, none is a truer example of manhood than the warrior who fights—not for the love of battle—but because he is willing to champion a principle even to the extent of giving up his own life for it...

In the days when our war heroes battled, men fought not for animosity. They did not fight to slaughter—not for the glory... They fought for their homes, their families—their honor...

To be willing to fight with all conditions against one, is to show a spirit that even enemies must honor, and which must bring to our minds a memory of that pride we had and still have in our hero dead...

We can teach our children the truth, so that they may not grow up to be ashamed of those who fought for them, died for them... and we can fan the flame of just and wholesome pride, the memories that make us love our native land."

January 19, then, a day to reflect, a day to remember—and a time to renew our determination to keep the spirit alive. ⊠

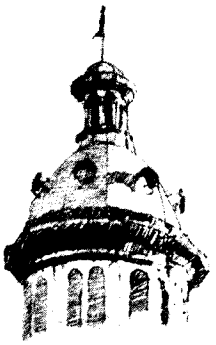
THE SCALAWAG AWARD...

Our Scalawag Award this issue goes to United States Senator Lloyd Bentson (Texas) and his colleagues from the South who vilified North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms for his filibuster against the new federal tax on gasoline.

We single out Mr. Bentson because his reaction to Senator Helms' lonely battle was particularly hysterical. Bentson threatened to "vote against every measure sponsored by Helms" in the future regardless of the merits. This, of course, delighted the Senator from "Tax"achusetts, Ted Kennedy, who shrilly demanded that Helms be stripped of his seniority and forced out of the chairmanship of the agriculture committee.

In observing the reaction to Helms, we are reminded of another great Southern senator who waged a similar battle against an earlier "Tax of Abomination." On that occasion, John C. Calhoun proposed his nullification doctrine, in response to which Andrew Jackson threatened to hang him. Calhoun was neither frightened nor silenced by the threats. Helms too is cut from that cloth.

Russell Kirk points out elsewhere in this issue that Calhoun's stand against the centralizers ruined him as a politician but transfigured him as a force in history. So in our time, as Jesse Helms does battle in that same arena, we endure the pettiness of the Bentsons of the world with certain knowledge that the giants are known to us only by comparison to midgets.



REPORT FROM THE CAPITOLS

William Bennett and the NEH: Final Chapter

A great deal has been written on these pages about President Reagan's lamentable decision in choosing a new chairman for the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH). The conservative choice, M.E. Bradford, professor of English at the University of Dallas, was made the object of a vicious attack by those who feared the fundamental change of direction Bradford might bring to NEH.

Ultimately, politicos in the White House persuaded the President to ignore his own preferences and go with the more "acceptable" candidate, William Bennett, director of the Humanities Center at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. So the decision was made.

Through it all, however, while Professor Bradford was having every word he had ever uttered or written scrutinized and twisted by the harpies of the Washington Establishment, no one paid much attention to William Bennett's background. Here, then, is a close look filed by a correspondent to the Partisan, *at the man Reagan picked to preside over federal largess for the humanities.*

William Bennett has always been a man on the move. By the time he was 28, Bennett had already received a Ph.D. from the University of Texas, a J.D. from Harvard and had teaching stints under his belt at Wisconsin and Southern Mississippi. After another five years in various capacities at Boston University, he joined the National Humanities Center in North Carolina. Then upon the death of Charles Frankel, Bennett became president and director of the Center. Those were the credentials presented to the White House leading to his ultimate selection as chairman of NEH.

The highpoints of the record do not show that in the 1960's William Bennett was a political activist. One of his heroes was Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and it was at the urging of antiwar activist William Sloane Coffin, Jr. that Bennett went to Texas to pursue graduate work in philosophy.

At the National Humanities Center, which has been termed a "habitat for humanists," under Bennett there were more Fellows left of the political center than right of it, including at least two signers of the ultraliberal Humanist Manifesto. While on a number of issues, Bennett's writings portray him as a conservative, in an interview at the Center, Bennett himself said: "We're not conservative. We're the old liberals."

Human Events has noted that Bennett's Center had gotten off the ground with large sums of money from the NEH, and many critics felt he was "too tight" with the Endowment people to make significant changes there. In fact, Bennett came to the defense of NEH's grant procedures in the October 1980 issue of *Harper's* magazine. These are the procedures that allowed former NEH head Joseph E. Duffey (a former ADA Chairman) to approve large amounts of money for SANE, a leftist organization that has opposed President Reagan's arms negotiation stance, and some of whose key members participated in a "Reverse the Arms Race" convocation at New York City's Riverside Church where William Sloane Coffin is senior minister.

Bennett was pushed for the NEH post by neo-conservatives, and says that he wants NEH run on the same non-political basis as his National Humanities Center. While political affiliation may not be a criteria for selection to the Center, a straw poll showed that in the last election, 28-30 Fellows voted for Carter, 5 for Anderson, and only 4 for Reagan.

The new head of NEH has told the press that he might consider changing his registration to Republican, but at a farewell party for him in North Carolina, it was the left of center Democrats who were the majority in attendance. And in an interview published March 18, 1982, Bennett says about himself: "I was once identified as a liberal Democrat. I must be honest and tell you I don't think my position has changed that much." Regarding this interview, Senator Jesse Helms has stated: "The purported interview with Dr. Bennett contains statements attributed to me which were never made. I have asked Dr. Bennett to explain."

What the new head of NEH might also explain is why he recently approved a project on "American radicalism" for over $65,000. And why has he recently appointed John Agresto, another Brooklyn native and projects director at the National Humanities Center, as his assistant Chairman at NEH? Lamenting the leftward drift of Christian denominations today, Mr. Agresto stated: "Except perhaps for the fundamentalists (who are *otherwise* crazy) this is the unquestionable drift of Christianity." One might wonder what reaction Christian fundamentalists who have been long-time supporters of President Reagan will have to being called "*otherwise* crazy" by Mr. Bennett's new right-hand man? Or for that matter, what reaction Southern voters (who gave the President his victory margin in 1980) might have to the apparent view in the White House that a scholar, like Dr. Bradford, because he has a sympathetic view of Southern history, is "too controversial" to occupy a high post in the Reagan Administration? These questions have yet to be answered. ▣

—*Joseph Shannon*

DEVOUTLY SPEAKING

Rod Gragg

The Presbyterian Church Divides

In 1861, as the War Between the States split American society, one of the victims of the conflict was the nation's Presbyterian Church, which separated into two main denominations—one in the North and one in the South.

Now, 122 years later, the members of the Southern Presbyterian denomination, the PCUS, are preparing to decide whether to merge their church with the main Northern denomination, the UPCUSA. Last summer the 122nd General Assembly of the Southern church voted 344-30 in favor of uniting the Northern and Southern denominations. In February, the local government of the Southern church, the presbyteries, will vote on the issue—and a firestorm of controversy surrounds the upcoming decision.

Debate on the union of Northern and Southern Presbyterians is in fact nothing less than a battle between liberal and conservative churchmen, waged in front of a great number of confused Presbyterians who are unaware of what is really happening in their denomination.

A half century ago, liberal theologians began to gain control of the power centers of most major old-line denominations in the United States, even in the South. The shift from the orthodox, historic Christian doctrines and practices to liberal attitudes and agendas occurred more quickly in the North than in the South, where tradition, and the slower pace of a rural society retarded the growth of liberalism for a time. Still, most major Southern denominations, including the Southern Presbyterian church, did eventually fall under the domination of the same liberal theology which had already come to characterize the power centers of most major denominations in the North.

While the churchmen in the pews, especially in the South, were largely unaware of the changes, liberal theologians came to dominate the denominations' twin bureaucracies—the seminaries and the government. In the seminaries, the curriculum for ministerial students eventually shifted from traditional Christian belief in the inerrancy of Scripture to the unorthodox liberal view of an error-riddled Bible, which, instead of being God's revealed truth, only contained *some* truth. After the foundation of Biblical inerrancy was removed, many liberal seminaries rejected other orthodox doctrines like the virgin birth, the Resurrection and even the deity of Christ.

The denominational governments, meanwhile, moved into active participation in the liberal National and World Council of Churches, which have promoted causes ranging from abortion to Marxist revolutionary activity in Third World Nations. Led by their denominational governments, tithe dollars were sent through denominational headquarters to support the gay rights movement, pro-abortion activities, the ERA, pro-labor boycotts of textile firms and a host of other left-wing actions. Also, by controlling the production of church literature, liberals in the denominational power centers have been able to peddle their theology directly into Sunday schools, planting revisionist seeds for the future.

The shift from orthodox, historic Christian doctrines and practices has been so insidious that most laymen have not recognized it and most pastors have been reluctant to challenge it. Those who did realize what was happening were faced with two choices: leave their denominations and form orthodox bodies of believers or stay in their churches and oppose the shift to liberalism from within. Many *did* leave and the result of the exodus in the Southern Presbyterian church was the creation of the Presbyterian Church in America, the PCA, which was founded in 1973 as an orthodox, conservative denomination still holding and practicing the basic doctrines of evangelical Christianity which have survived for 2,000 years. In the South, leaders of the main Southern Presbyterian church, the PCUS, tried to slow the rapid exodus by claiming the property of congregations who chose to join the new PCA. Although the PCUS leadership was successful in stripping property from local congregations in many cases, the departure of conservative Christians from the denomination continued. In 1981, for instance, the PCUS lost 3,620 members.

Though their ranks were thinning, some conservative Christians chose to stay and battle liberalism within their denomination. These are the ones who now oppose the union with the Northern Presbyterian church, still hoping someday to reverse the liberal march of the Southern Presbyterian church. In recent years they have sadly watched the PCUS support abortion, the ERA, the National Council of Churches, the World Council of Churches, a variety of boycotts and a catalog of other liberal social positions. They have seen their denominational government enact legislation to support sexual and racial quotas for church posts, to ordain women as pastors and elders, and to alter the church's historic, evangelical confession of faith. They have watched the Southern church's foreign mission program shrink from its former healthy size to a tiny remnant of missionaries—many of whom are "liberation theologians." who preach a Marxist gospel.

Still, if union can be blocked, the Southern conservatives claim it is possible to save the PCUS from liberalism. Union with a more liberal denomination, they say, will end all hope of salvaging the Southern Presbyterian church.

In February, the Southern churches will vote on the question of union. If last summer's vote by the general assembly is any indication, the chances of withstanding the union are slim.

However, even if the liberal elements of the North and the South do unite, the big winner could well be the conservative PCA, which is now the third largest Presbyterian denomination in the country. A "yes" vote on union is likely to cause a final wave of conservative defections, and that would constitute a major victory for what has become the nation's main conservative Presbyterian church. ▣

John C. Calhoun Vindicated

by Russell Kirk

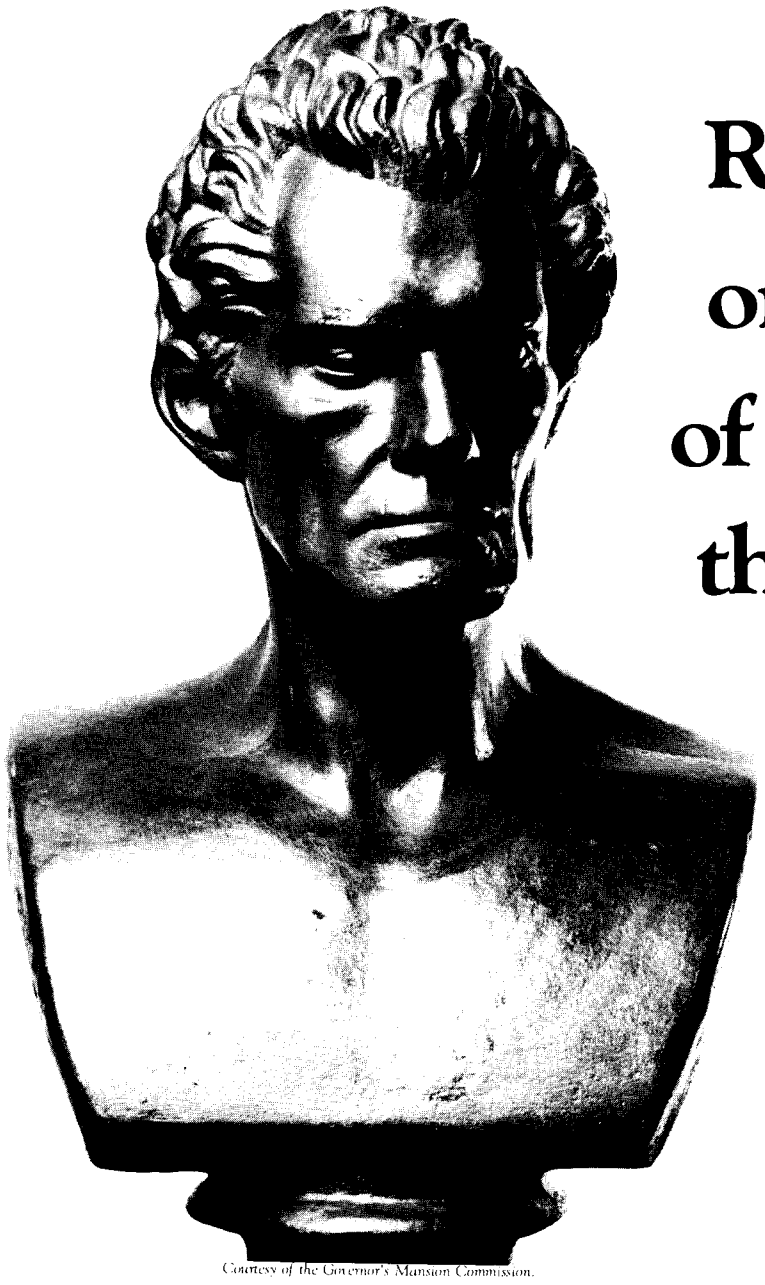
The year 1982 just ended marked the 200th Anniversary of the birth of John Caldwell Calhoun. In this issue we are recognizing the achievement of one of the greatest of the South's great men and reflecting on the continuing relevance of his thought to our time.

John C. Calhoun was born in the Abbeville District of South Carolina in 1782. Before he died 68 years later, Calhoun served variously as a South Carolina State Legislator, United States Congressman, Secretary of War, Vice-President of the United States, Senator and Secretary of State.

For those who will still listen, Calhoun's voice rings through the lost decades with insights and warnings fresh, alive and more pressing today than ever.

One of the best short essays we have on Calhoun appears in Russell Kirk's landmark book The Conservative Mind. *With the gracious permission of Dr. Kirk and his publisher, Henry Regnery, we reprint that essay here.*

Also, to completely update his reflections on Calhoun, Russell Kirk, one of America's greatest living men of letters, has written especially for the Southern Partisan *the following new introduction.*



Courtesy of the Governor's Mansion Commission.

Reflections on the Message of Calhoun for the 1980's

One hundred and forty years ago, Senator Henry Clay proposed a constitutional amendment to limit the veto power of the president of the United States. Senator John C. Calhoun replied to Clay; and that speech in reply is the most succinct version of Calhoun's famous doctrine of concurrent majorities. Calhoun argued, in effect, that there ought to exist several powers of veto upon the impulses of temporary numerical majorities.

"As the Government approaches nearer and nearer to the one absolute and single power, the will of the greater number, its action will become more and more disturbed and irregular; faction, corruption, and anarchy, will more and more abound; patriotism will daily decay, and affection and reverence for the Government grow weaker and weaker, until the final shock occurs, when the system will rush to ruin; and the sword take the place of law and Constitution." So Calhoun said in 1842.

The will of the greater number—or, at least, the will of the Washington lobbies that claim to represent the greater number—generally prevails in American politics during these closing decades of the twentieth century. In our time, Chief Justice Warren and his colleagues, in their infinite wisdom, reduced all political representation to a mathematical Benthamite basis, what John Randolph called King Numbers. What Calhoun described as "the numerical, or absolute majority" has triumphed altogether over the "concurrent majority" that he advocated.

During the same period, the American Republic has ceased to be a nation of states. Deliberate centralization of power has reduced the states to a condition little better than that of provinces in an empire. Even squabbles between children and schoolteachers are gravely accepted for trial in federal district courts. The rising generation in this country is unaware that most of this centralization did not occur until the administration of President Lyndon Johnson.

During the latter half of the twentieth century, increasingly the federal government has divided the American people into two fiscal classes: those who pay the taxes, and those who receive personal benefits from federal expenditures. This scheme of "transfer payments" will be egalitarian tyranny, Calhoun declared. The system already is deeply rooted.

Those are only three of the more important alterations in the Constitution of the United States, which had no stronger adherent—even in 1832—than Calhoun. These changes have been effected, chiefly in the past half century, without either formal amendment of the Constitution or conscious popular assent. Calhoun foresaw their coming. The unhappy consequences of these alterations are not yet fully felt. They will be.

We still live surrounded by souvenirs of Calhoun's era. Quite as some streets of Columbia and Charleston, and surviving country houses in the neighborhood of Fort Hill, are memorials of a more spirited time, so the bones of the Constitution still may be inspected. That something of our past remains quick—why, that is the achievement, in considerable part, of Calhoun and his school.

...the American Republic has ceased to be a nation of states. Deliberate centralization of power has reduced the states to a condition little better than that of provinces in an empire.

The frame of the society defended by Calhoun has been shattered, nevertheless. After the elapse of another fourteen decades, will anything of the old order, political or moral, endure recognizably? Will the political and social alterations have grown so monstrous that the colossus called the United States will have become incapable even of self-defense?

One is tempted to concur with Chesterton's Eastern sages who "know all evil things" and are resigned to ruin:

> *"The wise men know what wicked things*
> *Are written on the sky,*
> *They trim sad lamps, they touch sad strings,*
> *Hearing the heavy purple wings,*
> *Where the forgotten seraph kings*
> *Still plot how God shall die."*

Yet the example of Calhoun's fortitude heartens some of us to rally round the permanent things. As Burke reminded the rising generation in his time, what had seemed like ineluctable destiny for a people might be altered abruptly by a girl at the door of an inn, or by a common soldier. It is even conceivable, such is the mystery of providence, that the politics of John Caldwell Calhoun might fructify in the twenty-first century.

I wrote my reflections on Calhoun, published as a half-chapter in *The Conservative Mind*, just thirty years ago. On re-reading those pages, in the sixth edition of my book, I find that Calhoun seems to me more prescient now even than he did then. The kind of society to which Calhoun gave his allegiance has lost much ground during the past three decades. That is one reason why Calhoun's phrases tell so keenly in the 'Eighties—and why the successive volumes of the first full edition of his writings, coming from the University of South Carolina Press, obtain some serious readers.

In his own time, Calhoun was best understood by a Yankee of Yankees, Orestes Brownson. Those two shared the conviction that though a man may sacrifice himself for the people, he must never sacrifice himself *to* the people. That high principle, along with much else, is our legacy from Calhoun. In one aspect, Calhoun was the voice of what Henry Adams called "the sable genius of the South." In another aspect, Calhoun was the best exponent of that idea of political order which underlies both the written constitution and the unwritten constitution of the American Republic.

These lines are written in the teeth of a Michigan snowstorm at Piety Hill, your servant's counterpart of Fort Hill. Fourteen volumes of Calhoun's Papers confront me from my library shelves. They do not seem incongruous in this northern fastness. It would not be incongruous for us all to pay close attention to Calhoun during the Bicentenary of the Constitution of the United States. ■

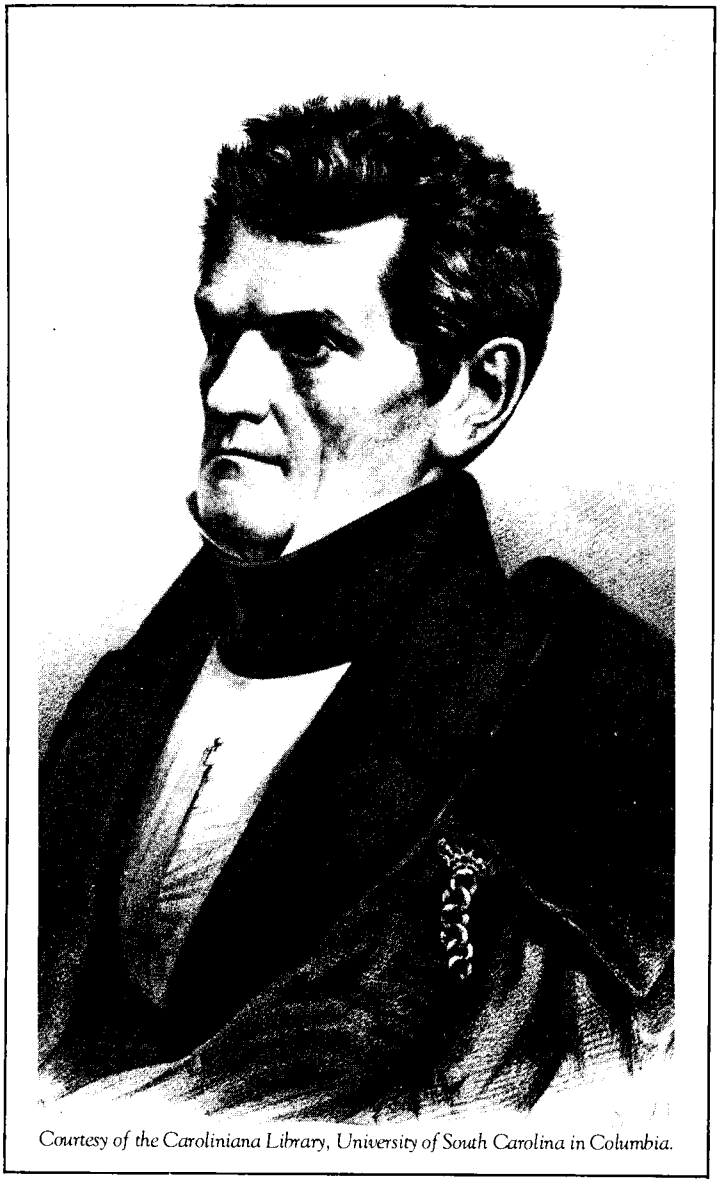
—Russell Kirk
Piety Hill
December 1982

John C. Calhoun and Southern Conservatism

That zeal which flared like Greek fire in [John] Randolph [of Roanoke] burned in Calhoun, too; but it was contained in the Cast-Iron Man as in a furnace, and Calhoun's passion glowed out only through his eyes. No man was more stately, more reserved, more regularly governed by an inflexible will. Calvinism moulded John C. Calhoun's character as it shaped his speeches and books; for though the dogma proper was dying in him as it had decayed in the Adamses—so that Calhoun, like John Adams, squinted toward Unitarianism—still there remained that relentless acceptance of logic, that rigid morality, that servitude to duty; and these things made the man constant in purpose, prodigious in energy.

Unlike Randolph—who possessed, along with his ancient lineage, the richest library in Virginia—all his life Calhoun was a man of few books, relying upon independent meditation. Although many degrees removed from Lincoln's "short and simple annals of the poor," the Calhouns were tough upcountry Carolinians, tried and purged in the Indian terrors of the border, belligerent champions of frontier democracy. Where the boy Randolph read the English novelists and dramatists and Quixote and Gil Blas, the young Calhoun memorized passages from *The Rights of Man*. It was experience of the world, running contrary to his early discipline, that made of him a conservative. At Yale, when a student, he dared to confute the mighty Federalist professor Timothy Dwight; and he entered politics as a Jeffersonian, a nationalist, and expansionist, an advocate of internal improvements, and a War Hawk. From the beginning he set his sights high; presently the presidency of the United States became his target. But one moving conviction, which in Calhoun overruled all his other ideas and even mastered his burning ambition, intervened to convert him into the most resolute enemy of national consolidation and of omnicompetent democratic majorities: his devotion to freedom. This principle ruined him as a politician. As a man of thought and a force in history, he was transfigured by it.

"If there be a political proposition universally true," Calhoun said, "one which springs directly from the nature of man, and is independent of circumstances,—it is, that irresponsible power is inconsistent with liberty, and must corrupt those who exercise it. On this great principle our political system rests." Calhoun loved the Constitution of the United States; in him was nothing of Randolph's suspicion of the federal organization from its very inception, "the butterfly with poison under its wings." Because he loved it, he brought it close to destruction in 1832. Because he loved it, he proposed that it be altered—or strengthened



Courtesy of the Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina in Columbia.

—to protect the rights of sectional minorities. Otherwise, said Calhoun, civil war would shake the nation to its foundations; and whatever the outcome of that war, the United States could never again be the same people under the same laws. He was a prophet wholley accurate.

To enter that labyrinth of dead politics and disappointed hopes within which Calhoun's first dozen years as a national politician were encompassed is not to our present purpose. Those were the years when Calhoun listened to Randolph's sarcastic passion, first with stiff antagonism, presently with dawning conviction; then the tariff of 1824 opened like a great crack in the earth before Calhoun, and he knew that in his early years he had sadly misunderstood the nature of politics and the tendency of the nation. He had believed the Republic to be guided by a benevolent popular reason; and now it was manifest that if reason operated in the enactment of the new tariff, it was a malignant reason, calculated to plunder the people of one section in order to benefit a class of persons in another section of the country. Calhoun was no narrow particularlist; he had shared the nationalistic ambitions of 1812; but here he discovered a shameless

Reprinted from the Sixth Edition of The Conservative Mind *by Russell Kirk. Permission given by The Henry Regnery Company.*

imposition, a contempt for the rights of the South so long as legislation benefited the constituents of a Congressional majority. Calhoun had believed the Constitution a secure safeguard against oppression by section or class; and now it seemed that, given selfish interest sufficiently powerful, majorities would warp the Constitution to suit their ends. Calhoun had thought that an appeal to the popular sense of right could redress occasional legislative injustice; and now it could hardly be denied that Congressmen who voted for the tariff of 1824 merely were gratifying the avarice of the people they represented.

A mind like Calhoun's works solemnly and ponderously. He did not at once go over to Randolph and defiance; but with the passage of the years, Calhoun moved unflinchingly toward a repudiation of optimism, equalitarianism, meliorism, and Jeffersonian democracy. Presently he had gone beyond Randolph. Calhoun passionately desired popularity and office, but he did not value these things above his conscience: therefore he surrendered his national reputation in order to protect his state, his section, his order, and the traditions of American rural society. "Democracy, as I understand and accept it, requires me to sacrifice myself *for* the masses, not *to* them. Who knows not that if you would save the people, you must often oppose them?" And Calhoun thought he might be able to save something else besides: the Union. That he failed in every one of these hopes is undeniable. But he did succeed in endowing a dumb and bewildered Southern conservatism with political philosophy; and he described unequivocally the forbidding problem of the rights of individuals and groups menaced by the will of overbearing majorities.

"Stripped of all its covering," Calhoun declared in his terse and inexorable way, "the naked question is, whether ours is a federal or a consolidated government; a constitutional or absolute one; a government resting ultimately on the solid basis of the sovereignty of the States or on the unrestrained will of a majority; a form of government, as in all other unlimited ones, in which injustice, and violence, and force must finally prevail." He was not speaking of South Carolina alone, nor even merely of the Southern states, Calhoun said: once the absolute power of majorities to do as they like with minorities is accepted, the liberties of no section or class are safe. Having reduced South Carolina to submission, the interests which passed the Tariff of Abominations and the Force Act would proceed to other conquests. He predicted a similar exploitation of industrial workers in the Northern cities: "After we are exhausted, the contest will be between the capitalists and the operatives; for into these two classes it must, ultimately, divide society. The issue of the struggle here must be the same as it has been in Europe. Under the operation of the system, wages must sink more rapidly than the prices of the necessities of life, till the portion of the products of their labor left to them, will be barely sufficient to preserve existence. For the present, the pressure is on our section." These words were written in 1828, two decades before the promulgation of the Communist Manifesto; and they were written by the conservative planter of Fort Hill, who warned the old agricultural interest and the new industrial interest and the yet inchoate masses of industrial labor that when law is employed to oppress any class or section, the end of constitutions and the substitution of ruthless power is at hand. In this fashion the industrial conservatism of Alexander Hamilton, the great Northern manufacturing interest, was invited by the agricultural conservatism of John C. Calhoun to peer into the future.

Otherwise, said Calhoun, civil war would shake the nation to its foundations; and whatever the outcome of that war, the United States could never again be the same people under the same laws. He was a prophet wholly accurate.

Calhoun has rejected with scorn the demagogue's abstraction called "the people." No "people" exists as a body with identical, homogeneous interests: this is a fantasy of metaphysicians; in reality, there are only individuals and groups.

Groping for a practical remedy, Calhoun turned to Nullifcation, derived from Jefferson's old Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions: a State might set at defiance any act of Congress clearly unconstitutional, refuse to allow that measure to operate within her boundaries, and appeal to the other states for aid and comfort, so that the unscrupulous majority which had enacted oppressive legislation might behold the power of laws and be compelled to withdraw their claims. Nullification, obviously, was a doctrine full of perils to national existence, and John Randolph told his constituents, "Nullification is nonsense"—a State could not at once be out of the Union and in the Union. President Jackson's intrepid temper had brought matters nearly to a test of force, in which South Carolina would have been crushed, when Henry Clay's compromise (reluctantly endorsed by Calhoun) ignored the principles at stake and for some years glossed over the tremendous problem by reducing the tariff.

Calhoun knew he had failed; and for the eighteen years of life that remained to him, he sought painfully for some means of reconciling majority claims with minority rights, under the rule of law. Nullification had succeeded just this far, that it proved power can be opposed successfully only by power. Yet the essence of civilized government is reliance

Courtesy of the Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina in Columbia.

not upon power, but upon consent. Can the rights of minorities be adjusted to this grand principle of consent? If not, government is an imposition. For, said Calhoun, governments at heart are designed chiefly to protect minorities—numerical minorities, or economic or sectional or religious or political. Preponderant majorities need no protection, and in a rude way can exist without proper government: they have naked force to maintain themselves. The authors of the Constitution had realized that government is the shelter of minorities, and had done their best to afford protection by strict limitation of federal powers and the added guarantee of a bill of rights. These had not sufficed:

> *We have acted, with some exceptions, as if the General Government had the right to interpret its own powers, without limitation or check; and though many circumstances have favored us, and greatly impeded the natural progress of events, under such an operation of the system, yet we already see, in whatever direction we turn our eyes, the growing symptoms of disorder and decay—the growth of faction, cupidity, and corruption; and the decay of patriotism, integrity, and disinterestedness. In the midst of youth, we see the flushed cheek, and the short and feverish breath, that mark the approach of the fatal hour; and come it will, unless there be a speedy and radical change—a return to the great conservative principles which brought the Republican party into authority, but which, with the possession of power and prosperity, it has long ceased to remember.*

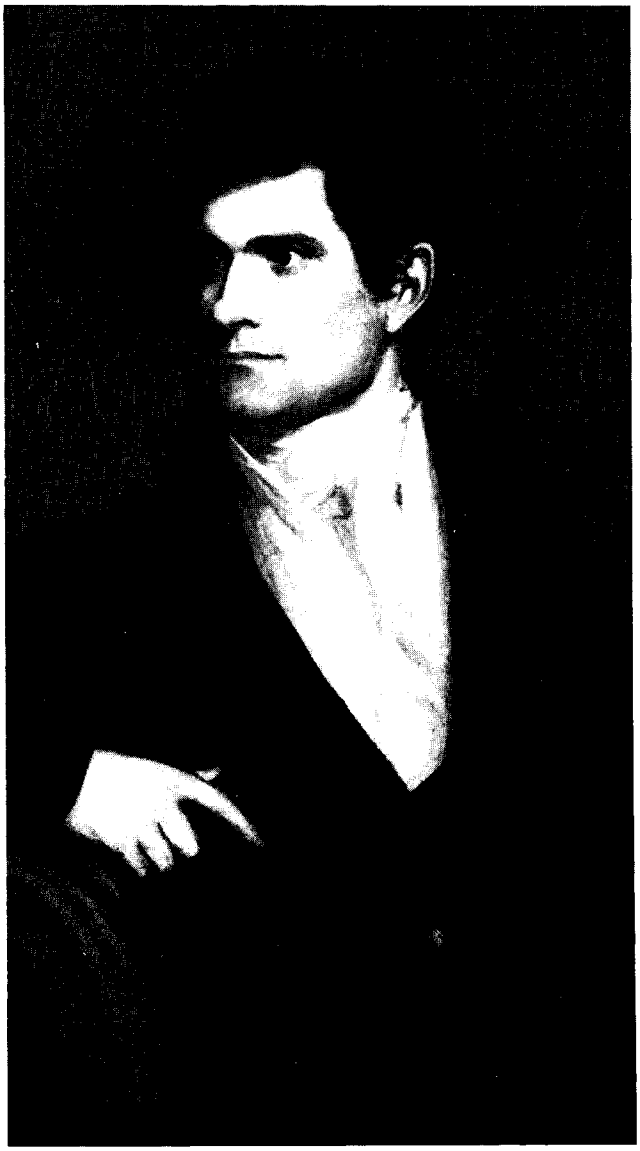
"Conservative principles"—here Calhoun, as early as 1832, has begun to discern a necessity greater than "liberalism" and "progress" and "equality." These conservative principles, if efficacious, must be radical—they must go to the root of things, but their aim is to conserve freedom and order and the quiet old ways men love. Calhoun is talking of American "conservatism" in the year of the English Reform Bill, despite the customary dependence of America upon Britian for philosophical discoveries. One catches here a glimpse of the prescience of a solitary, powerful, melancholy mind which has pierced through the cloud of transitory political haggling to a future of social turbulence and moral desolation.

For eighteen years, then, Calhoun probed in his sober Scotch-Irish mind these conundrums; and in the year after his death there were published two treatises which condensed his meditations into a form as forceful and as logical as Calvin's *Institutes.* The germ of his argument he had expressed cogently in a letter to William Smith, July 3, 1843: "The truth is,—the Government of the uncontrolled numerical majority, is but the *absolute and despotic form of popular governments;*—just as that of the uncontrolled will of one man, or a few, is of monarchy or aristocracy; and it has, to say the least, it has as strong a tendency to oppression, and the abuse of its powers, as either of the others." How is democratic government to be made consonant with justice? *A Disquisition on Government* endeavors to provide a general answer to this question; *A Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States* is an application of these general principles to the exigencies of mid-nineteenth-century America.

"Whatever road one travels one comes at last upon the austere figure of Calhoun, commanding every highway of the southern mind," observes Parrington, with that picturesqueness he sometimes attains. "He subjected the philosophy of the fathers to critical analysis; pointed out wherein he conceived it to be faulty; cast aside some of its most sacred doctrines; provided another foundation for the democratic faith which he professed. And when he had finished the great work of reconstruction, the old Jeffersonianism that had satisfied the mind of Virginia was reduced to a thing of shreds and patches, acknowledged by his followers to have been a mistaken philosophy, blinded by romantic idealism and led astray by French humanitarianism." Calhoun, therefore, completes the work of Randolph in demolishing Jefferson's abstract equality and liberty, which rights Jefferson had assumed to be complementary; and Calhoun, accepting Randolph's warning against the tyrannical tendencies inherent in the manipulation of positive law by callous majorities, struggles to devise an effective check upon numerical preponderance.

The old Senator from South Carolina, writing in haste because conscious of his approaching end, makes no endeavor to follow John Adams' historical method for studying effective checks upon arbitrary power. "What I propose is far more limited,—to explain on what principles government must be formed, in order to resist, by its own interior structure,—or, to use a single term, *organism*,—the tendency to abuse of power. This structure, or organism, is what is meant by constitution, in its strict and more usual sense." He has commenced, then, by employing a term which since has become of major significance in any discussion of the state, "organism"; and he proceeds in a tenor equally modern. He repudiates root and branch the compact theory of government, as had Burke (except for his metaphorical adaptation of the phrase) and John Adams; government is no more a matter of our choice than is our breathing, being instead the product of necessity. No "state of nature" in which man lived independent of his fellows ever did exist, nor ever can. "His natural state is, the social and political—the one for which his Creator made him, and the only one in which he can preserve and perfect his race." But *constitution*, far from being the product of necessity, must be the work of refined art; and without this tender construction, the end of government must in great measure be baffled. "Constitution is the contrivance of man, while government is of Divine ordination. Man is left to perfect what the wisdom of the Infinite ordained."

Now true constitutions are always based upon the conservative principle: they are the product of a nation's struggles, they must spring from the bosom of the community; human sagacity is not adequate to construct them in the abstract. They are a natural growth; in a sense they are the voice of God expressed through the people; but nature and God work through historical experience, and all sound constitutions are effective embodiments of *compromise*. They reconcile the different interests or portions of the community with one another, in order to avert anarchy. "All constitutional governments, of whatever class they may be, take the sense of the community by its parts,—each through its appropriate organ; and regard the sense of all its parts as the sense of the whole....And, hence, the great and broad distinction between governments is,—not that of the one, the few, or the many,—but that of the constitutional and the absolute."



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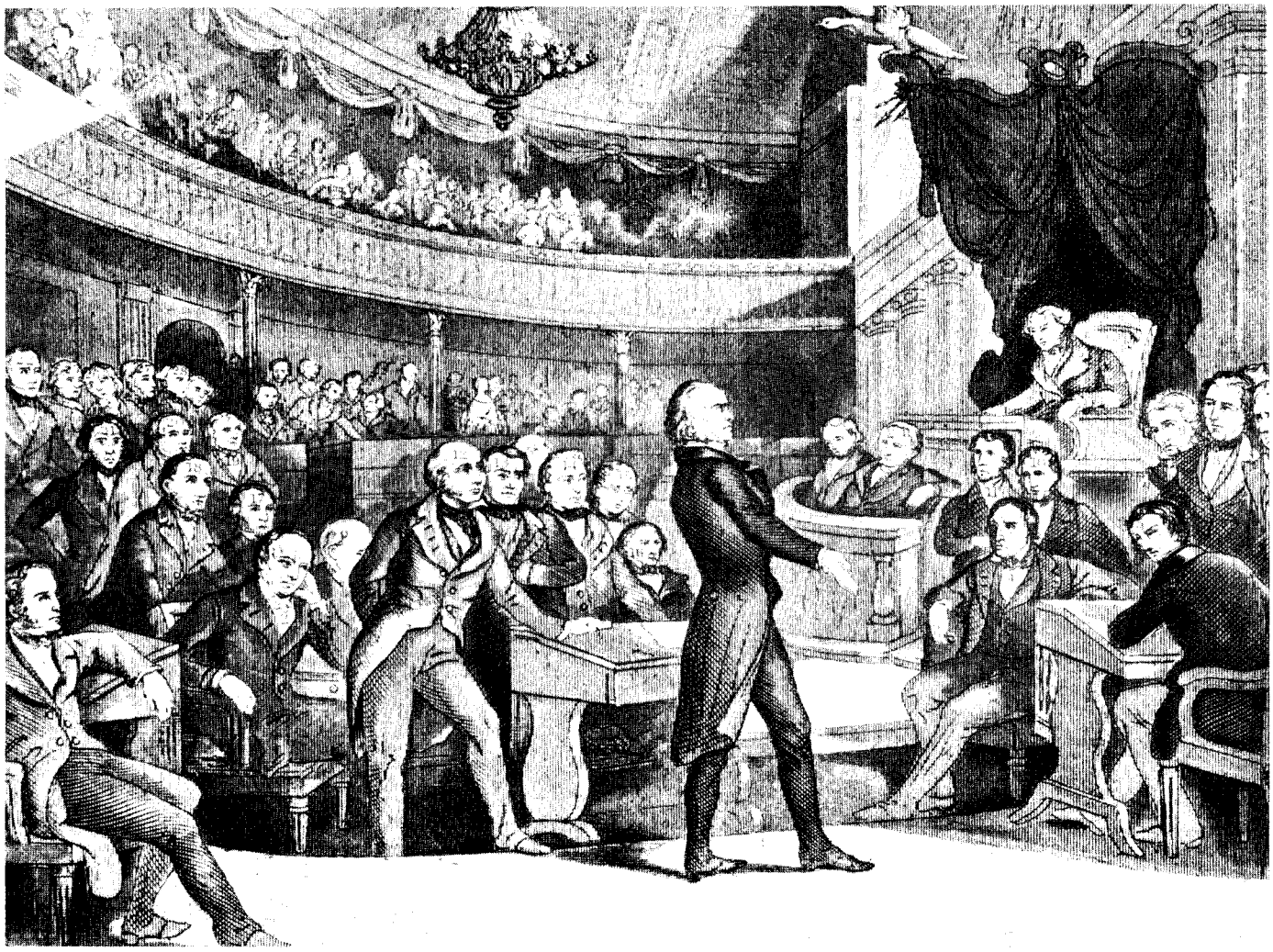
Calhoun knew he had failed; and for the eighteen years of life that remained to him, he sought painfully for some means of reconciling majority claims with minority rights, under the rule of law.

We should not judge of whether a state is governed justly and freely by the abstract equality of its citizens, therefore; the real question is whether individuals and groups are protected in their separate interests, against monarch or majority, by a constitution founded upon compromise. If



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(for instance) government, by unequal fiscal action, divides the community into two principal classes of those who pay the taxes, and those who receive the benefits, this is a tyranny, however equalitarian in theory. And so Calhoun comes to the doctrine of concurrent majorities, his most important single contribution to political thought. A true majority (to express the concept in its simplest terms) is not a simple head-count: instead, it is a balancing and compromising of interests, in which all important elements of the population concur, feeling that their rights have been respected:

> *There are two different modes in which the sense of the community may be taken; one, simply by the right of suffrage, unaided; the other, by the right through a proper organism. Each collects the sense of the majority. But one regards numbers only, and considers the whole community as a unit, having but one common interest throughout; and collects the sense of the greater number of the whole, as that of the community. The other, on the contrary, regards interests as well as numbers;—considering the community as made up of different and conflicting interests, as far as the action of the government is concerned; and takes the sense of each, through its majority or appropriate organ, and the united sense of all, as the sense of the entire community. The former of these I shall call the numerical, or absolute majority; and the latter, the concurrent, or constitutional majority.*

Calhoun has rejected with scorn the demagogue's abstraction called "the people." No "people" exists as a body with identical, homogeneous interests: this is a fantasy of metaphysicians; in reality, there are only individuals and groups. Polling the numerical majority is an attempt to determine the sense of the people, but it is unlikely to ascertain the sense of the true majority; for the rights of important groups may be altogether neglected under such arrangements. In his *Discourse on the Constitution*, Calhoun cites as an instance of this injustice the tendency of simple numerical majorities to throw all power into the grasp of an urban population, in effect disfranchising rural regions. "The relative weight of population depends as much on circumstances, as on numbers. The concentrated population of cities, for example, would ever have, under such a distribution, far more weight in the government, than the same number in the scattered and sparse population of the country. One hundred thousand individuals concentrated into a city two miles square, would have much more influence than the same number scattered over two hundred miles square.... To distribute power, then, in proportion to population, would be, in fact, to give the control of

government, in the end, to the cities; and to subject the rural and agricultural population to that description of population which usually congregate in them,—and, ultimately, to the dregs of the population."

In general, Calhoun's is a view similar to Disraeli's opinion that voters should be weighed, as well as counted; but Calhoun proposes to weigh not merely the individual votes of particular persons, but the several wills of large groups in the nation. He proposes to take into account the differing economic elements, the geographical sections, perhaps yet other distinct interests; and they are to be protected from the encroachments of one another by a mutual negative, or rather a commonly available negative. "It is this negative power,—the power of preventing or arresting the action of the government,—be it called by what term it may,—veto, interposition, nullification, check, or balance of power,—which, in fact, forms the constitution. They are all but different names for the negative power." Perhaps such an arrangement invites the stalemate of the Polish *liberum veto;* But Calhoun believes that common convenience will dissuade these chief interests or groups from petty interference with the conduct of affairs. Promptness of action, indeed, is diminished, but a compensating gain in moral power occurs, for harmony and unanimity and the confidence of security from oppression make such a nation great. In neither of his treatises does Calhoun attempt to outline a precise reorganization of the American government upon these principles, although he suggests that a plural executive might be one means of accomplishing the design: either member of the executive to represent a particular section and to conduct a particular portion of the executive business, such as foreign affairs or domestic matters, but the approval of both officers to be required for the ratification of acts of Congress. Calhoun states that true responsibility for accomplishing beneficial reorganization lies with the North, where the oppressive tariff and the anti-slavery agitation commenced; the North having set this train of events in motion, the North should be prepared to draw up a solution.

"Whatever road one travels one comes at last upon the austere figure of Calhoun, commanding every highway of the southern mind," observes Parrington, with that picturesqueness he sometimes attains.

Democratic institutions will be safer in a state which has adopted the principle of concurrent majorities, Calhoun proceeds to demonstrate, and under such conditions the suffrage may be extended more widely than prudence would allow otherwise, "but it cannot be so far extended in those of the numerical majority, without placing them ultimately under the control of the more ignorant and dependent portions of the community." Where the theory of the *concurrent* majority prevails, the rich and the poor will not huddle in opposing camps, but will rank together under the respective banners of their sections and interests; the class struggle will be moderated by establishing a community of advantage.

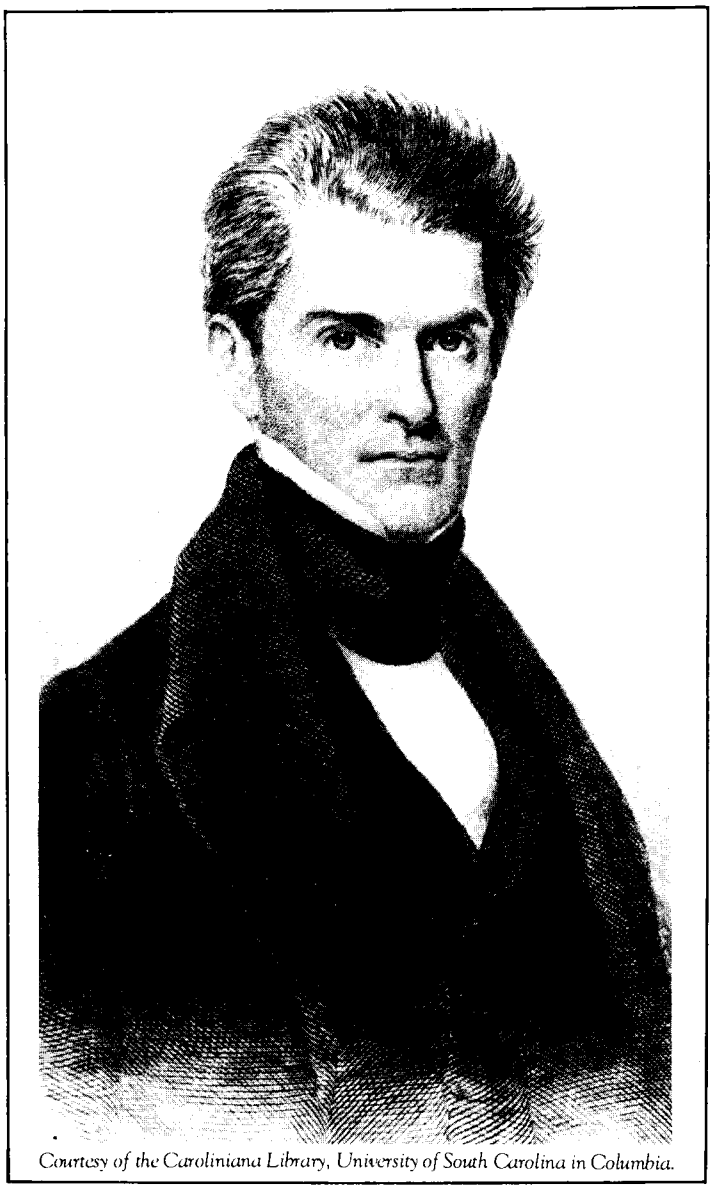
...the echo of the fight which a doomed Southern conservatism waged in the name of prescriptive rights has not yet died in the enormous smokey cavern of modern American life.

At this point, Calhoun enters upon a kind of digression concerning absolute liberty *vs.* real liberty. Application of the concurrent-majority principle, he says, wil allow each section or region to shape its institutions according to its particular needs; a numerical majority tends to impose standardized and arbitrary patterns upon the whole nation, which is an outrage against social liberty. Two ends of government exist: to protect, and to perfect society. Historical origin, character of population, physical configuration, and a variety of other circumstances naturally distinguish one region from another. The means of protecting and perfecting these separate societies must vary accordingly. This is the doctrine of diversity, opposed to the doctrine of uniformity; Calhoun echoes Montesquieu and Burke.

Liberty and security are essential to the improvement of man, and the particular degree and regulation of liberty and security in any society should be locally determined; each people know their own needs best. "Liberty, indeed, though among the greatest of blessings, is not so great as that of protection, inasmuch, as the end of the former is the progress and improvement of the race,—while that of the latter is its preservation and perpetuation. And hence, when the two come into conflict, liberty must, and ever ought, to yield to protection; as the existence of the race is of greater moment than its improvement." Calhoun is referring obliquely to the menace of slavery in the South, here, but with propriety he expresses himself in general terms. Some communities require a greater amount of power than others for self-protection; these local necessities would be recognized by the idea of the concurrent majority,or mutual right of veto.

Liberty *per se* becomes Calhoun's topic; and he severs himself completely from Jeffersonian theory. Liberty forced on a people unfit for it is a curse, bringing anarchy. Not all people are equally entitled to liberty, which is "the noblest and highest reward for the development of our faculties, moral and intellectual." Liberty and complete equality, far from being inseparable, are incompatible, if by pure equality is meant equality of *condition.* For progress, moral and material, is derived from inequality of condition; and without progress, liberty decays:

Now, as individuals differ greatly from each other, in intelligence, sagacity, energy, perseverance, skill, habits of industry and economy, physical power, position and opportunity,—the necessary effect of leaving all free to exert themselves to better their condition, must be a corresponding inequality between those who may possess these qualities and advantages in a high degree, and those who may be deficient in them. The only means by which this result can be prevented are, either to impose such restrictions on the exertions of those who may possess them in a high degree, as will place them on a level with those who do not; or to deprive them of the fruits of their exertions. But to impose such restrictions on them would be destructive of liberty,—while, to deprive them of the fruits of their exertions, would be to destroy the desire of bettering their condition. It is, indeed, this inequality of condition between the front and rear ranks, in the march of progress, which gives so strong an impulse to the former to maintain their position, and to the latter to press forward into their files. This gives to progress its greatest impulse. To force the front rank back to the rear, or attempt to push forward the rear into line with the front, by the interposition of the government, would put an end to the impulse, and effectually arrest the march of progress.



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This is tellingly put, as neat an indictment of the social ennui latent in equalitarian collectivism as the literature of politics affords. Calhoun immediately adds, "These great and dangerous errors have their origin in the prevalent opinion that all men are born free and equal;—than which nothing can be more unfounded and false." He means his observations to be applied particularly to negro slavery, but one may lift them out of their transitory significance and fit them to the tenets of conservatism in our day.

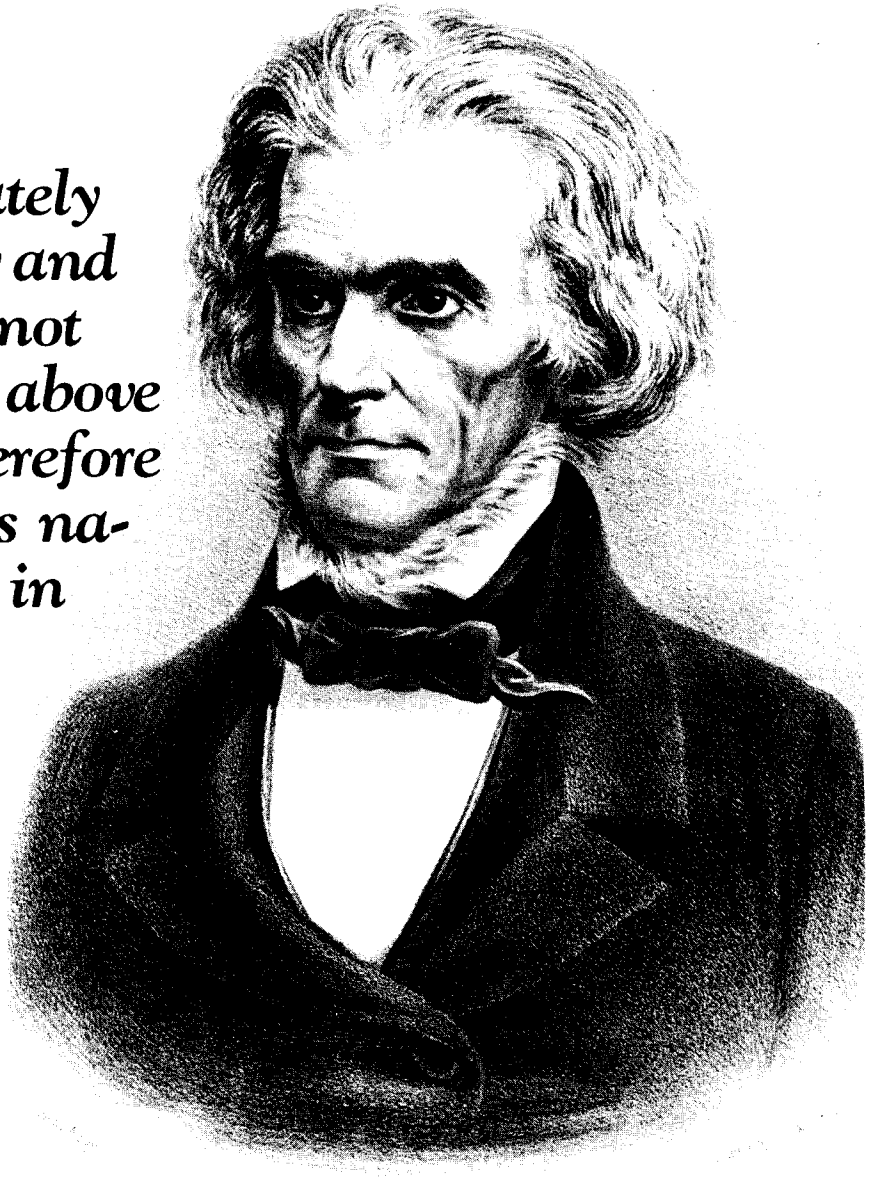
Liberty and security, then, should be measured and applied upon practical and local considerations, rather than upon abstract claims of universal right. Real liberty is best secured by the concurrent majority, and thus the impetus toward progress which accompanies and nourishes liberty is healthiest under the harmony of concurrence: Yet is any arrangement of this sort possible in government? Are not great interests too diverse for concurrence, and is not agreement obtained too tardily for efficient action by the state? Calhoun believes he can answer these objections. Necessity will provide sufficient incentive. Cannot the twelve individuals who compose a jury manage to concur? Will not the necessity of mutual conciliation promote a common good feeling? Supreme among historical examples, was not this veto power an essential characteristic of the Roman Republic? Calhoun will confess the existence of no obstacle which practice and forbearance cannot surmount.

Some persons may object, says Calhoun, that a free press might accomplish all the good he expects from the principle of concurrent majority. So exalted an opinion of the function of newspapers may seem amusing in the twentieth century, the press not having followed that line of progress which nineteenth-century optimists charted for it; but Calhoun answers the suggestion soberly. His argument is a passable summary of his whole doctrine of concurrence.

> *What is called public opinion, instead of being the united opinion of the whole community, is, usually, nothing more than the opinion or voice of the strongest interest, or combination of interests; and, not infrequently, of a small, but energetic and active portion of the whole. Public opinion, in relation to government and its policy, is as much divided and diversified, as are the interests of the community; and the press, instead of being the organ of the whole, is usually but the organ of these various and diversified interests respectively; or, rather, of the parties growing out of them. It is used by them as the means of controlling public opinion, and of so moulding it, as to promote their peculiar interests, and to aid in carrying on the warfare of party. But as the organ and instrument of parties, in government of the numerical majority, it is as incompetent as suffrage itself, to counteract the tendency to oppression and abuse of power;—and can, no more than that, supersede the necessity of the concurrent majority.*

Bold and fertile opinions, these. Calhoun's *Disquisition* is open to many of the objections that commonly apply to detailed projects for political reform. He slides quickly over formidable objections, he evades any very precise description of how the principle may be applied, and he really has small hope of any immediate practical consequence from

Calhoun passionately desired popularity and office, but he did not value these things above his conscience: therefore he surrendered his national reputation in order to protect his state, his section, his order, and the traditions of American rural society.



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these ideas. Yet these flaws yawn more conspiciously in the great popular reform-schemes of our era—Marxism, Fabian Socialism, distributism, syndicalism, production-planning. Calhoun is not playing Lycurgus; he is describing a philosophical principle, and it is one of the most sagacious and vigorous suggestions ever advanced by American conservatism. The concurrent majority itself; representation of citizens by section and interest, rather than by pure numbers; the realization that liberty is a product of civilization and a reward of virtue, not an abstract right; the acute distinction between moral equality and equality of condition; the linking of liberty and progress; the strong protest against domination by class or region, under the guise of numerical majority—these concepts, provocative of thought and capable of modern application, give Calhoun a place beside John Adams as one of the two most eminent American political writers. Calhoun demonstrated that conservatism can project as well as complain....

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The above essay is one of four sections in Russell Kirk's chapter on "Southern Conservatism." Following is the concluding paragraph of that chapter.)

...Yet they deserve to be remembered, these devoted Southern leaders—Randolph for the quality of his imagination, Calhoun for the sternness of his logic. They illustrate the truth that conservatism is something deeper than mere defense of shares and dividends, something nobler than mere dread of what is new; their arguments, and even their failure, reveal how intricately linked are economic change, state policy, and the fragile tissue of social tranquility. Perhaps Randolph and Calhoun and other Southern statesmen did not employ to the full that transcendent conservative virtue of prudence which Burke so often commends. But their provocation was severe; and the echo of the fight which a doomed Southern conservative waged in the name of prescriptive rights has not yet died in the enormous smoky cavern of modern American life. ■

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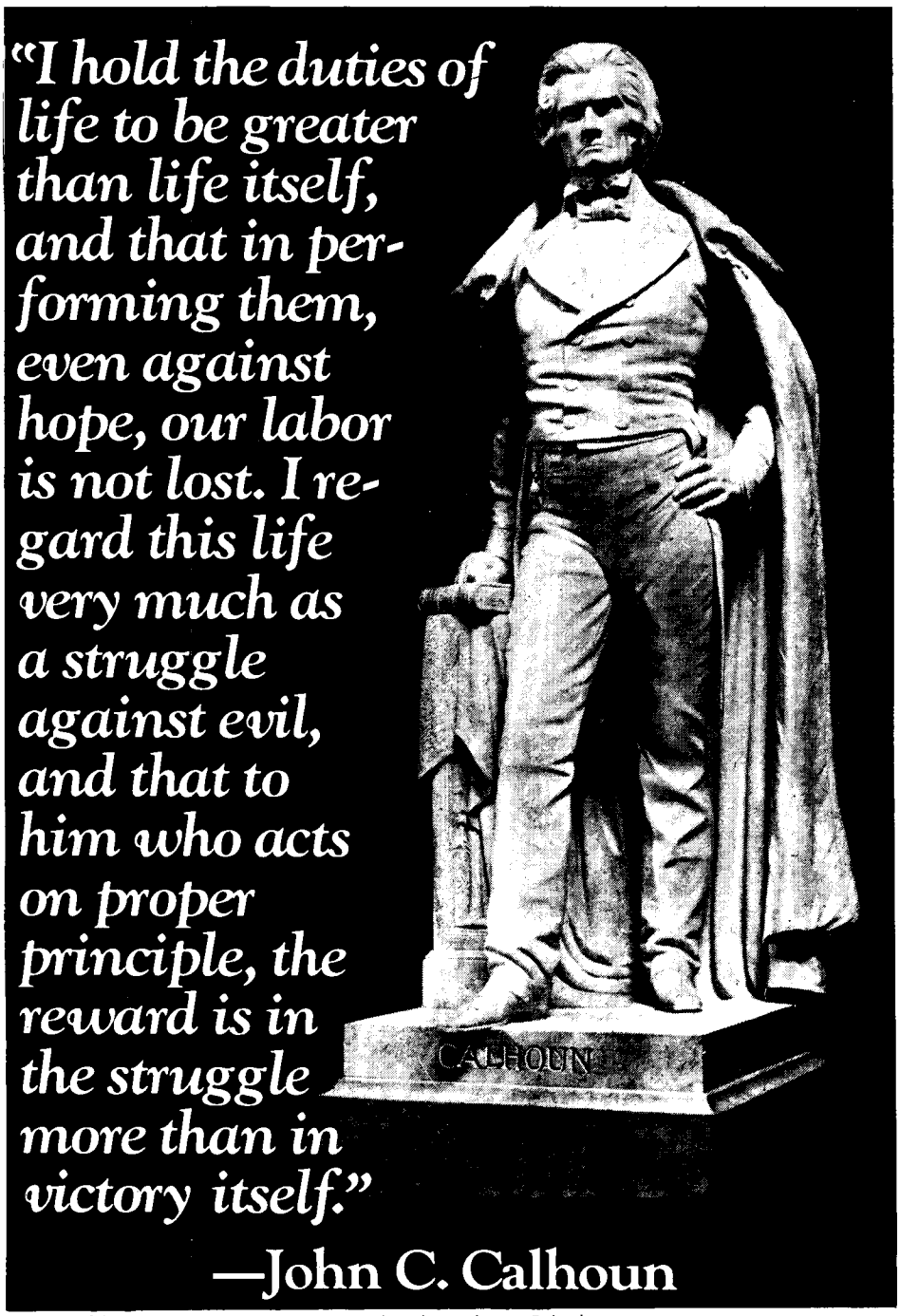
A Calhoun Sampler

The editors of *Southern Partisan* selected these quotations of power and prophecy from the speeches and papers of John C. Calhoun. Though spoken well over a century ago, when most orators and writers were given to rhetorical embellishment, notice how directly and clearly the ideas are presented. Here is a man who was speaking not to his time merely but to all time...


"I hold the duties of life to be greater than life itself, and that in performing them, even against hope, our labor is not lost. I regard this life very much as a struggle against evil, and that to him who acts on proper principle, the reward is in the struggle more than in victory itself."
—John C. Calhoun
CALHOUN

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On Foreign Policy and Citizens Who Disagree With It:

How the minority in a state of war may justly oppose the measures of government is a matter of the greatest delicacy. On the one side, an honest man, if he believes the war to be unjust or unwise, will not disavow his opinion. But, on the other hand, an upright citizen will do no act, whatever he may think of the war, to put his country in the power of the enemy ....among ourselves at home we may contend; but whatever may be required to give the reputation and arms of the republic a superiority over its enemy, it is the duty of all, the minority no less than the majority, to support. Like the system of our State and General governments—within they are many—to the world but one—so it ought to be with parties: among ourselves we may divide—but in relation to other nations, there ought to be only the American people.

—A Speech (February, 1814)

On the Nature of the American Union:

...to maintain the integrity of this republic, we inhabit a country presenting the most admirable advantages. Belted around as it is, by lakes and oceans—intersected in every direction by bays and rivers, the hand of industry and art is tempted to improvement. So situated, blessed with a form of government at once combining liberty and strength, we may reasonably raise our eyes to a most splendid future, if we only act in a manner worthy of our advantages. If, however, neglecting them, we permit a low,

sordid, selfish and sectional spirit to take possession of this House, this happy scene will vanish. We will divide;—and in its consequences will follow misery and depotism.

—A Speech (February, 1817)

On the Use of Force to Keep the Union Together:

...No, no. You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Force may indeed hold the parts together, but such union would be the bond of master and slave—a union of exaction on the one side and unqualified obedience on the other...

A Speech (February, 1833)

On Principle

I would at no period make the least sacrifice of principle for any temporary advantage, and much less at the present. If there must be an issue, now is our time. We never can be more united or better prepared for the struggle; and I, for one, would much rather meet the danger now, than turn it over to those who are to come after us.

—A Speech, 1836

On Conservatism and States' Rights:

...I am a conservative and because *I am a conservative, I am a States' Rights man. I believe that in the rights of the States are to be found the only effectual means of checking the overaction of this Government; to resist its tendency to concentrate all power here [in Washington], and to prevent a departure from the constitution; or, in case of one, to restore the Government to its original simplicity and purity...*

A Speech (January, 1837)

On Providence

"My health is good, and I feel but little as yet the [effects] of age, but I know that I have arrived at the period, when old may be well prefaced to my name. I look with perfect composure on the advance of time, knowing that it is in the order of Providence and that it is our highest duty to acquiesce in his decrees. My confidence in his wisdom & goodness is without limits, and has been the support, which has sustained me through all the vicissitudes of life..."

—In a letter to Micah Sterling, a life-long friend.

On Taxes and the Welfare State:

The necessary result, then, of the unequal fiscal action of the government is to divide the community into two great classes; one consisting of those who in reality pay the taxes, and, of course, bear exclusively the burden of supporting the government; and the other, of those who are the recipients of their proceeds, through disbursements, and who are in fact supported by the government; or, in fewer words, to divide it into tax-payers and tax-consumers.

—From Calhoun's *Disquisition on Government*

On the Tension Between Liberty and Authority:

Liberty...when forced on a people unfit for it, would, instead of a blessing, be a curse; as it would, in its reaction, lead directly to anarchy,—the greatest of all curses. No people indeed can long enjoy more liberty than that to which their situation and advanced intelligence and morals fairly entitle them. If more than this be allowed, they must soon fall into confusion and disorder,—to be followed, if not by anarchy and despotism, by a change to a form of government more simple and absolute; and, therefore, better suited to their condition ...Liberty, indeed, though one of the greatest blessings, is not so great as that of protection...And hence when the two come into conflict, liberty must, and ever ought, to yield to protection; as the existence of the race is of greater moment than its improvement.

—From Calhoun's *Disquisition on Government*

On the Concurrent Majority

There are two different modes in which the sense of the community may be taken; one, simply by the right of suffrage, unaided; the other, by the right through a proper organism. Each collects the sense of the majority. But one regards numbers only, and considers the whole community as a unit, having but one common interest throughout; and collects the sense of the greater number of the whole, as that of the community. The other, on the contrary, regards interests as well as numbers;—considering the community as made up of different and conflicting interests, as far as the action of the government is concerned; and takes the sense of each, through its majority or appropriate organ, and the united sense of all, as the sense of the entire community. The former of these I shall call the numerical, or absolute majority; and the latter, the concurrent, or constitutional majority. I call it the constitutional majority, because it is an essential element in every constitutional government,...

—From a *Disquisition on Government*

On the Legislative Process:

There is often, in the affairs of government, more efficiency and wisdom in non-action than in action.

—John C. Calhoun

Susan B. Anthony

Trampled Ground

by Ellen Campbell

Ellen Campbell is a free-lance writer from Columbus, Mississippi. She is employed by the U.S. Department of Commerce.

The Mississippi Lawmakers of the early 1900's should be commended for their courageous stand against the Federal Government and the pressures put upon them by the various suffrage organizations. The members of that generation of legislators, as do some today,understood the intentions of the Framers of the U.S. Constitution in relation to the franchise of voting and States' Rights.

An argument, or rather, accusation, raised by proponents of the Equal Rights Amendment during debates around the country was that the individual states could not be trusted to handle their own affairs on issues of importance such as those that deal with sexual equality. After all, Mississippi and other states never ratified the 19th Amendment to the Constitution giving women the right to vote! How then, questioned the libbers, can we expect such "backward" states to keep pace with modern methods of insuring domestic and political equality?

History correctly reflects that Mississippi did indeed vote against the proposed 19th Amendment to the Constitution, then known as the Anthony Amendment. A look at the 1920 House and Senate Journals sheds some surprising light on the amendment question. The House Journal records, in that instance, explanations by some House members of their vote against the Amendment to the U.S. Constitution giving women the right to vote. Here are some of their replies:

"I vote against the Anthony Amendment because I believe in State control of the franchise. I will vote for primary suffrage for white women and will support a proposition to submit a State Constitutional Amendment for ratification or rejection by the qualified electors of the State."—S. Joe Owen

"We vote to reject because we believe it infringes on States' Rights. We shall support an Amendment to the State Constitution granting women the right of suffrage."—J.E. Warren and J.A. Sewell

"I vote nay because I think it right and in the absence of instructions to the contrary. I vote my convictions."—W.W. Tate

That was the eleventh day of session, Wednesday, January 21, 1920. Six days later, January 27, 1920, House Concurrent Resolution No. 7 was introduced in the House calling for the amending of Section 241 of the State Constitution "to extend like suffrage to the male and female inhabitants of the State of Mississippi." It passed the House by a vote of 112 to 12, with 16 not voting.

The House felt so strongly that the proposed Anthony Amendment was an invasion of States' Rights, as guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution, that they proposed a resolution clearly and adamantly rejecting it, rather than, as is customary today, choosing to ignore the subject. House Joint Resolution No. 1 reads:

"A Joint Resolution rejecting the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States extending the right of suffrage to women."

In the House, the Resolution (H.J.R. 1) passed by a wide margin—Yeas 106, Nays 25, Absent or Not Voting 9. The Senate, on the other hand, attempted to approve a resolution (S.J.R. 2) ratifying the Anthony Amendment. The bill failed to pass. The House Resolution rejecting the Anthony Amendment went on to pass in the Senate, even surviving parliamentary maneuvering to reconsider the vote.

The Mississippi Lawmakers of the early 1900's should

be commended for their courageous stand against the Federal Government and the pressures put upon them by the various suffrage organizations. The members of that generation of legislators, as do some today, understood the intentions of the Framers of the U.S. Constitution in relation to the franchise of voting and States' Rights. Of course, it's probably true that some of the men just plain didn't want to give women the right to vote. But, it must be remembered that Mississippi had virtually led the nation in women's rights. We were the first to recognize the right of a married woman to own property, to collect earnings, and make contracts. In 1885, Mississippi established the first state-supported college for women. (First known as Mississippi Industrial Institute and College, later as Mississippi State College for Women, and now as Mississippi University for Women.) And Mississippi was the first state in the Union to establish an institution for her deaf, dumb, and blind of *both* sexes. Certainly, the male lawmakers of Mississippi *had* been supportive to women. But, when it came to taking away from the state the Constitutional right of establishing the prerequisites for voting, they stood their ground.

The subject of state sovereignty in the area of setting voting prerequisites is a subject that is seldom alluded to and, certainly, not very widely understood. Congressman Larry McDonald (D-Ga.) in his excellent book on the U.S. Constitution, *We Hold These Truths*, reflected on how the Constitutional Convention viewed the question as to who would set voter qualifications:

> "The right to determine voter qualifications is the most crucial attribute of sovereignty, and the states were to be left almost complete sovereignty in the handling of their internal affairs."

James Madison in *Federalist No. 4* said concerning the right of the states to govern themselves:

> "The powers reserved to the several States will extend to all the objects which, in the ordinary course of affairs, concern the lives, liberties, and properties of the people, and internal order, improvement, and prosperity of the State."

The Founders favored majority rule, but were concerned about the rights of the various minority groups. The best way to safe-guard minority rights, they reasoned, was to limit the powers of the Federal government and not to limit the powers of the several states, leaving their right purposely undefined. In other words, what the Constitution in essence did was to say, first of all, what the Federal Government *can do*, secondly, what the Federal Government *can't do*, and thirdly, if we forgot something, the Federal Government can't do that either! The real powers were to be left in the hands of people living in communities where the need was best understood.

The Constitutional Convention knew that no plan would be ratified by the people unless the unconditional guarantee of States' Rights was given. In *The Federalist No. 14* Madison wrote:

> "In the first place it must be remembered that the general (Federal) government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws. Its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects.... The subordinate (State) governments....will retain their due authority and activity."

Notice the word "retain" in the above quote. The states were to retain, keep and continue the authority that was rightly theirs in the first place. As R.J. Rushdoony observed in his book *This Independent Republic*, "The Constitution was not designed to make the United States a *nation*, but to federate already existing states, whose previous unity had been primarily in the British monarch and was now in the Federal Union. As a result, the term 'United States' was a plural noun, taking a plural verb."

Efforts by unknowing—or knowing, as the case may be—persons to serve some social cause by the process of amending the Constitution has served nothing else than to damage (perhaps irreparably) the form of government created by the framers of the Constitution. Four Constitutional Amendments can be accused of doing just that: the Fifteenth Amendment (1870) prohibiting abridgment of the right to vote because of race; the Nineteenth Amendment (1920) prohibiting abridgment of the right to vote because of sex; the Twenty-Fourth Amendment (1964) taking away the voting qualification of the poll tax; the Twenty-Sixth Amendment (1971) prohibiting abridgment of the right to vote because of age (18 years or older). Quoting again from Congressman McDonald, "All of these are 'cause' amendments, serving some political or sociological cause which had organized pressures and public support behind them; but they all were unnecessary. If sufficiently valid to animate authentic public support, the causes could have been served as fully and well at the state level, without damaging the Federal Constitution."

The "cause" of Women's Suffrage would have certainly been served better on the state level. Efforts had been made even before 1920 to give women in Mississippi the right to vote. Laura Clay of Kentucky, a leader in the women's rights movement, devised a plan to give women the vote in the Southern States, several of which were beginning a series of constitutional conventions in the 1890's (Mississippi being the first). Laura Clay's main problem in Mississippi was that she couldn't find any women to back her up and take responsibility for lobbying for the cause. Many were just too busy with social and church activities. Yet a good two-fifths of the convention supported her plan. The issue eventually caught on in the state and would have, no doubt, with a little more time, been settled. The women of Mississippi *would* have been given the vote, but in the state's own time and in its own Constitutional way.

So it is true that Mississippi never has ratified the Women's Suffrage Amendment but not because of ignorance or backwardness. Rather it was that the lawmakers of Mississippi chose to stand against the blatant infringement on States' Rights. Self-determination among the individual states was conceived by the Founders of our system as a precious right that must be guarded with valor. James Madison in *The Federalist No. 10* said:

> "We have staked the whole future of America not on the power of government, far from it, but on the capacity of mankind for self-government."

The only question now before us is whether we've gone too far toward total centralization to turn back. ⊠

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The Southern Partisan is a Family Affair.

Do You Have a Student in Your Family?

Courtesy of Kent Studios and Alt-Lee Studios, Columbia, South Carolina.

The ties that bind families and communities together can be strained when the young ones go off to college. During college, these days, *all* ideas—even the bad ones—are given "academically" equal treatment. That alone can shake soft convictions. After college, a young man or woman may find employment far away, with "home" becoming a place visited only on rare and special occasions.

So it's important to keep the family ties strong (even at a great distance) to maintain values that securely bridge the generations—and to keep the roots alive, the vital roots that tell us where we came from and who we are. *The Southern Partisan* can help do that. Give a thoughtful gift to a student you care about—a gift subscription to the magazine for those whose roots are Southern, *The Southern Partisan.*

Take advantage of this special student discount.
A full year of *The Southern Partisan* for $10.00.

A PARTISAN CONVERSATION

J. Evetts Haley

J. Evetts Haley is a man who has always been aware of the land under his feet. As historian, rancher and political activist, Mr. Haley's long and distinguished career was chronicled on these pages in our Summer 1982 issue in an essay ("J. Evetts Haley and the Mind of the South") by Guy Story Brown, who also conducted this interview.

At 81, J. Evetts Haley has been well-known for over half a century throughout the Southwest as a working rancher and cattleman. He has broken horses on the great XIT Ranch, taken rodeo prizes for steer riding and managed the vast Z Bar Ranch operation, covering more than 300,000 acres of range in New Mexico, Arizona and Texas.

Easily, Mr. Haley is the single most prolific and respected historian of the Southwestern range. H.E. Bolten described Haley very simply as "America's finest historical writer." Haley's 1948 biography Jeff Milton, A Good Man With A Gun, *was hailed by the* New York Times *as "a glorious contribution to Americana;" his 1952* Fort Concho and the Texas Frontier *was recognized by the Sons of the Texas Republic as the year's finest work in Texas history; and his first book (1929) the* XIT Ranch of Texas and the Early Days of the Llano Estacado *is a classic, still in print, widely recognized as a standard of Western range history. After 23 books and hundreds of articles, J. Evetts Haley is still writing and editing.*

Outside his region, Mr. Haley is best known for his political conservatism and fearlessness. In 1964 he published the historic best-seller A Texan Looks At Lyndon: A Study in Illegitimate Power *(over five million copies were sold). The book was a shocker, caught in a whirlwind of controversy. Everywhere in the Liberal Establishment there was crying and gnashing and baring of teeth. But Mr. Haley had impaled his subject on the sword of truth, even if it took the world a few years to make the necessary concessions.*

For years, Evetts Haley has been a major force in both Texas and national politics, beginning in the 1930's when he campaigned vigorously against the New Deal, as Texas chairman of the National Jeffersonian Democrats. He ran himself for Governor of Texas in 1956 and he has been a tireless supporter of many candidates, including the present occupant of the White House. Mr. Haley's wife, Rosilind Kress Haley, presently serves on a newly active review board for UNESCO.

In the course of this Partisan *conversation, Mr. Haley makes reference to two men whose names may not be familiar to some of our readers: E.C. Barker and Charles Goodnight. Barker, a professor of history, was a legend on the campus of the University of Texas at Austin for over fifty years. Mr. Haley was his student and protege. In addition to Haley, Professor Barker was associated with or had a profound influence on such eminent men as Forrest McDonald, William E. Dodd, H.E. Bolten, Charles Ramsdell and Walter Prescott Webb.*

The other name Mr. Haley refers to, Charles Goodnight, was the subject of one of Haley's finest works Charles Goodnight, Cowman and Plainsman *(1936). M.E. Bradford has called this work a "central document in the history of the Southwest."*

The conversation that follows took place in December, at the museum named in honor of Mr. Haley's first wife, the Nita Stewart Haley Memorial Library in Midland, Texas, which houses a priceless private collection of Western Americana, including the original Alamo mission bell.

As the conversation begins, the daylight is fading in the late afternoon. The Texan speaks softly in his book-lined stone and oak study, under the gaze of a firm but benevolent portrait of Robert E. Lee.

PARTISAN: *As you look back, how would you describe the changes in the political character of this country, or of this section of the country, over the course of your lifetime?*

HALEY: I would say, in the country as a whole, that the most drastic, most striking, and truly radical change, to my mind, has been the shift in our political character from a representative republic—a constitutional republic—toward a direct democracy, with the consequent decay of constitutionalism—if in fact it hasn't destroyed the Constitution as effectively as a revolution.

Now, as to this particular section, we have always prided ourselves on the fact that ours has been one of the most individualistic areas, clinging to the challenge and the standards of independent action and responsibility. There's been a great change in that, too. In my opinion, that has come about mainly through the operation of federal subsidies and controls. This has deteriorated the independence in the character of our people.

PARTISAN: *Do you agree with those who say that the best way for contemporary conservatives to make an immediate impact on the regime is to have judicial or executive or legislative questions submitted to the population at large in a plebiscite or a popular vote?*

HALEY: No. That comes back to what I was just saying about direct democracy. I'm at odds with a lot of

my friends, close friends, on that. I do not believe in the referendum and the "recall" and the "initiative," because those ideas are in conflict with the basic purpose of the Constitution, which was to establish a representative form of government. These strategies destroy the deliberative nature of government, or the role intended for deliberation. The important issues of the day should be deliberated and debated carefully in a legislative assembly. These attempts to bring to bear the direct pressure of the people overlook the fact that the "people" may be under the influence of great emotion or excitement or depression. After all, what are those who are running the referenda campaign going to be trying to stir up?

Of course, now, what I would say, too, is that, with the type of legislatures we have, with the pressure of all the special interests working against the legislative principle of honest deliberation, there's something to be said, perhaps, for the advocates for direct initiative. The people, in other words, as a whole, are more conservative about the great issues than their leadership. But that still does not get away from the fact that this is supposed to be a representative republic where the people choose able men to go represent them in the legislative process and debate and pass upon these issues. This is what we are supposed to be, and must be, or we are nothing!

PARTISAN: *And, besides, the direct appeal to the people as a whole, on specific issues, might not bring out their generally conservative character at all.*

HALEY: No, certainly not! And another thing, the thing that makes it even riskier today is the terrific impact, the revolutionary impact, of the electronic media. If the President is shot, or a Justice or a carload of legislators—everybody sees it tonight, "on the spot." This atmosphere doesn't promote good judgment. Everybody is excited. Everybody is experiencing. Now, of course, in the old days—to continue the illustration —it took time for such news to get around. Eventually, it was printed in the local papers. Meanwhile, it took time for the response to be formulated, a week or a month, time for things to get sifted. There was time for the passions to cool, for the people to be more deliberative. But now the news is instantaneous. The public reaction is instantaneous, and potentially just as confused as it is instantaneous. It's a very dangerous thing. It may seem easy to manipulate in the short term, but in fact it's unpredictable.

PARTISAN: *Your point is that deliberation is what is needed, not referenda.*

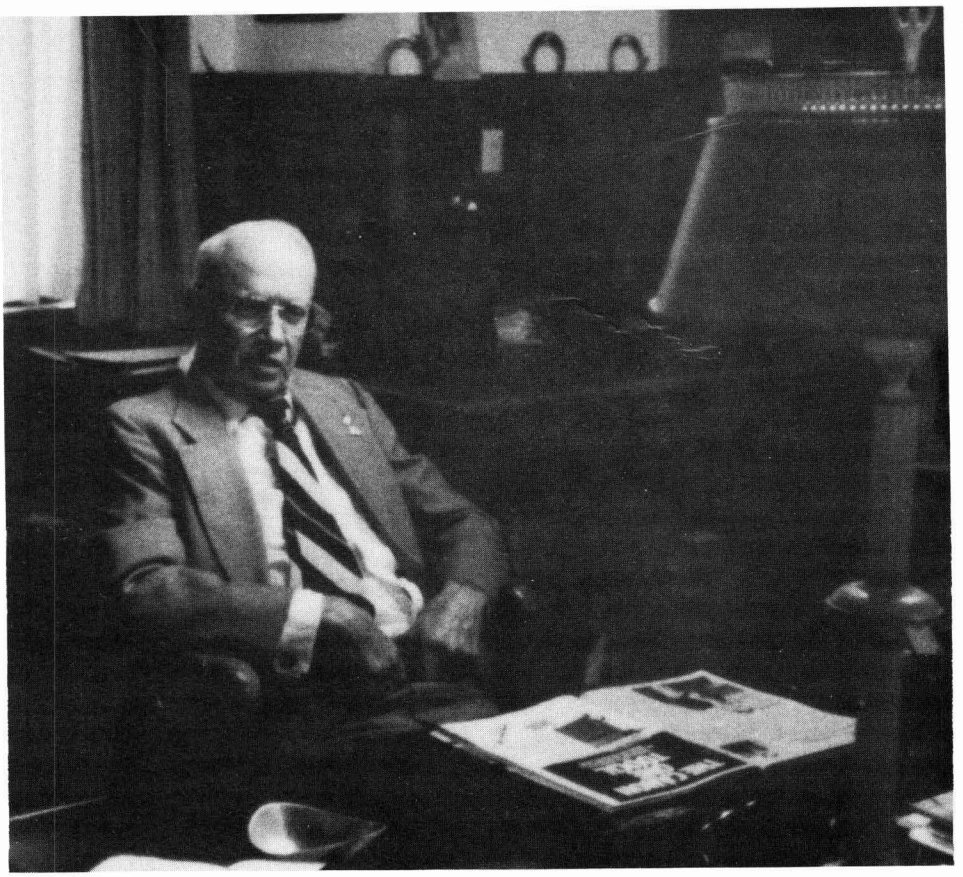
HALEY: That's right. Well, I'm reminded of the great French psychologist, LeBon—I often go back and reread him—who wrote, around the turn of the century, *The Psychology of Crowds.* You see, the emotion of a crowd, the contagion just sweeps groups, small groups and great groups, in any direction, leaving individuals unaffected. I'm going to give an illustration of that: As you know, I've been very much interested in federal policies that touched on agriculture, naturally, since it affected my country and it affected my business. Now, the average person in Texas, or anywhere else in this country, is not going to go out individually and steal. He is not going to go steal or take away from somebody unjustly. But in a crowd, the interest of the crowd can be transfigured into an emotional impulse and they soon begin to contend for legislation, (like some of the farmers' groups do) that will take from you as a consumer, by the force of law, to put into their pockets a "bonus" or a "subsidy." In my thinking, this is dishonest. They will steal from you by majority vote, but they won't steal from you

individually. And they've been so conditioned that they think this is alright, that this is legitimate and just!

But we, the people, must be guided by basic moral principles in our reaction to public affairs. We cannot just "react" out of interest or passion. So I think that one of our basic problems is that we are not guided by basic moral principles in our reaction. To continue the illustration: *you* wouldn't steal; *this* man wouldn't steal; my farmer and rancher neighbors wouldn't steal; but we have neighbors all over the Panhandle, or have had, who think that they would be ruined if they didn't have a wheat subsidy coming in from somebody's tax money, or a cotton subsidy. They call this "entitlements," but that's just a euphemism for confiscation! The implication is that you are "entitled"—that the average person deserves and is entitled—to take from me what he wants for medical or school expense. This perverts personal moral principle as well as perverting the country, politically. Our reaction to public affairs must be principled if we're to be independent! I firmly believe this. Someone asks, "Well, what are our principles?" I say, the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not steal;" "Thou shalt not covet;" "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" and so on. People have gotten weaned away from an individual, personal reaction of this kind to public affairs, which is what the country really needs.

PARTISAN: *A moment ago you mentioned LeBon's* Psychology of Crowds; *what are the works that have been most important to you?*

HALEY: The books that have meant the most to me—my favorite works—would be those of Shakespeare, by far: primarily his historical tragedies. Of course, I admire Cervantes' *Don Quixote,* but that doesn't have nearly the influence on me that Shakespeare does. As I dip into Shakespeare, I am continually amazed that one man, one mind, could encompass so much in the field of knowledge: medicine, astronomy, astrology, history—and so much in the ways of the human heart; and I have not even mentioned his unsurpassed mastery of English. I like Milton, and the poetry of Edgar Allen Poe, but Shakespeare has been my favorite, and is.



I should also mention the works of one of the greatest men and greatest historians I've known, my old master at the University of Texas, Dr. E.C. Barker, by far the premier figure of his time in the field of Texas history. He was perhaps the most modest man I've ever known, but with a tremendously strong character and a profound mind. He had none of the usual superficial trappings that you see so much of among "successful" academics. In that respect he was like Charles Goodnight, and I have never ceased to marvel at the man's character—and at the courage that both of them had.

Then, in the overall field of the moderns, Ferrero, probably, with his history of the Roman Empire and the Italian people. Then Ortega, especially the *Revolt of the Masses,* and perhaps Spengler. I admire much of Spengler's *The Hour of Decision:* a fine work. Most American and most modern readers think they can't stand him, because he was so somber in his view! As I see it, he was just telling the truth about what we are all up against.

PARTISAN: *Which of your own books is dearest to you?*

HALEY: It's hard for an author to say, but the book on *Goodnight* is certainly one of them. I had such a tremendous subject-theme, for one thing, and of course he was of so much importance in defining this country and in the history of the cattle industry. And, again, because of the profundity of the man himself, the depth of his wisdom and his experience. He possessed an articulate, imaginative genius and firm, vigorous character, an impeccable character.

PARTISAN: *Goodnight and Barker are such different types: A lifelong man of action and a lifelong professor, each representing the two parts of you—ranching and history. How did you arrive at that?*

HALEY: By just living and reading! Now, I remember one day—I was a barefoot-kid at home, almost three quarters of a century ago, and Papa came home with Will Drannan's *Thirty-One Years On The Plains And In The Mountains,* which I took and read. It was the first book that I read for myself. It was an out-and-out specious account—alledgedly of his own boyhood and his early life. He claimed that he was adopted by Kit Carson and

went on with this narrative of their experiences on the plains, hunting big game, and in the mountains, fighting Indians. It stirred my imagination. It whetted it. This was the first book I had ever read that made reference to the West, to the land I had under my own feet, and it stirred my imagination. It just fascinated me. Well, the very fact that it stirred the imagination of a young reader and made him eager to get more—to want to know more—had a very beneficial effect. It drew me on. Then, years and years later, researchers brought out the fact that it was a complete fraud, historically. But it was all good and healthy fiction: "historical fiction."

PARTISAN: *So that led you to an enhanced respect for the land and the people or their way of life?*
HALEY: Yes—well, it led especially to enhanced respect for books, you see, what they have, or can have. I've been with books ever since. It was the fiction that first caught and guided my imagination. Nothing we have is so lasting as the pure, written word. The fraudulent parts will always be found out; the inaccuracies will fall away in time. So the best thing is a good, honest book.

PARTISAN: *I suppose these aspects are summed up in your politics, especially in* A Texan Looks At Lyndon. *What is your own assessment of that book?*
HALEY: I think it's just as solid now as the day it was published. It will stand. It's history. There is not a single statement in it that was ever challenged by Lyndon or his idolatrous associates. Of course, a lot of it is sketchy, in a way. I don't, as Robert Caro does in his new book, go into any details of all of Lyndon's life. I could have filled it up with interviews and quotations from various sources going back. But I didn't go into the sordid features of Lyndon's life because they were not directly pertinent to my purpose. I wasn't trying to tell his life story or to prove that he was some sort of degenerate. I was taking his own record, his public record as it was publicly available, and I put it together, laid it on the line for anyone who was interested, for the concerned public. The press and Lyndon's associates everywhere just absolutely fell all over themselves jumping on me as a terrible, reactionary character! Finally, Ted Lewis, a prominent national columnist, wrote in one of his columns: If the charges in Haley's book aren't true "why doesn't someone sue... Haley is being cut down... why doesn't someone just say the book isn't true." They never did.

PARTISAN: *What about the confession of Luis Salas, the old election judge from Jim Wells County?*
HALEY: Well, of course, so that he could at least die with a clean conscience he finally confirmed that I had been right all along about the Senatorial runoff election in 1948, which Lyndon won by the "landslide" total of 87 votes, statewide. He admitted that Lyndon stole the election and that he had doctored more than 900 ballots in Box 13 himself! He invented and certified more than 200 himself! So, I have the enviable distinction of being confirmed as an accurate and honest historian by a known and confessed thief!

PARTISAN: *Looking back, now, over your own life, over the struggles and ironies of your lifetime, what would you change, or do differently?*
HALEY: I've lost some battles I would like to have won—and should have won! But the challenges have been there, you can't change that. The challenges are always there! And my response has been principled and honest, as I've seen it. I've always done my honest best; the best I could do at the time. Actually, I wouldn't change any of it, in that respect. I might have been a little softer at times, in my independent political and intellectual career, to have made it easier on others. But the principles would remain the same—because the challenges certainly do.

I remember my conversation with Ortega—the part about why so many of the early Spanish conquistadores came from the same province in Spain. I had noticed this fact, and I questioned him about it in the course of our talking. He answered me at once that it was because they had struggled and steeled themselves for generations there against the domination and the influence of the Moors. Well, you see, they were fortified and determined. They were vigilant when they had to be! The analogy is just as good now for us, except that the Moors for us are now within. We come back to the fact that we must fortify ourselves by the honest principles of a free society. These—as well as the ambitions, basic motives, patterns of conduct and passions of men—remain essentially the same: they do not change! "Man changes little, and the lust for power not at all." We will stand or fall by our own character, by what we make of these challenges. If we want freedom, we are going to have to adjust ourselves to these immutable dictates; we cannot defy them. We must appeal to character in others, but we must demand it from ourselves. ▣

The Partisan Dictionary

Cosmopolitan—One who is familiar with many surfaces and no depths.

Universalist—A champion of that which consists almost entirely of empty space.

Neutrality—The position taken by everybody before birth and after death.

Taste—What is good taste or bad is a matter of taste.

Pacifist—An idealist who refuses to defend himself. Not one has ever hesitated to call a cop.

Myth—A statement contrary to the prevailing Eternal Verity.

Economics—The art of making predictions and the science of forgetting them.

Slogan—A drop in the Chinese Water Torture applied to logic.

—Robert W. Whitaker

The Christmas season of 1982 is behind us. But the afterglow of it all is still around: pine needles in the carpet and the new toys still have a little shine left. Christmas in the South, in some measure, is like Christmas anywhere. It's a time for families and communities, a time for remembering roots—especially that deep one that traces back to our Maker.

There are in Christmas, images and customs, attitudes and habits, unique to our region. Seldom, for example, are our Christmases white, except through the mountains. More often they are green and brown and sometimes icy grey with strange, sweet fragrances in the night's cold air.

The magic of a Southern Christmas is captured here by a special correspondent.

Carolina Christmas

A Bit of Hound-Doggerel with only a few apologies to Clement Clarke Moore from Rhea Thomas Workman

'Twas a Carolina Christmas, and throughout the land
Not a snowflake was falling on red hills or sand—

By the pale yellow light of a frost-bitten moon
Grandpa and his hounds had just treed a coon.

The yelping and barking arose to the sky
And frightened the reindeer of Santa up high.

Who stood in his sleigh when he heard all the clatter
And looked o'er the side to see what was the matter!

He said, "Oh, my goodness, I almost forgot—
I must make a change as quick as a shot!

These Southerners are different from the Yankees up North—
They want their own kind of Christmas henceforth!"

With a snap of his fingers he turned his big sleigh
Into a yellow-wheeled buggy behind a fast bay,

Then he pulled on the reins to make his rig go
To the old family home-place lying below.

The smoke was still rising from the chimney of clay,
So at a side window Santa pulled up his bay.

When he peeked through the pane and saw the red coals
Of an oak-log fire, and two shiny bowls

Of egg-nog and syllabub to provide him a snack,
He tied up his horse at the old hitching rack,

Then threw up the sash and—before it could fall—
He bounced himself in, like a fat jolly ball!

The children were snug under comfort and quilt
In a four-poster bed that Grandpa had built.

They were dreaming of dinner to be served the next day—
Of turkey and ham, in the old Southern way,

Of giblet gravy and rice, and artichoke pickle,
Brandied peaches and pears for appetites fickle,

Ambrosia and fruitcake and sweet 'tater pone'—
They would burden the table until it would groan!

Santa ate his lunch, then turned with a jerk
And started upon his perennial work:

First he began all the stockings to fill
With oranges, apples, and nuts from Brazil.

Then he saw in a corner a lovely pine tree,
Its sweet-smelling needles as green as could be,

With long strings of popcorn festooned about,
And sprinkled with tinsel within and without.

Under the tree he put presents galore—
Not a sled, but a wagon—a ma-ma doll, and more—

A rifle to shoot, a football to punt—
Then he heard the hounds coming home from the hunt.

He bounced out again and untied his horse,
Hopped in his buggy and set a home course.

But, since he was seen by Gramp and his hounds
As his bay galloped upward in leaps and in bounds,

He drawled a gay greeting, the jolly old pixie:—
"Merry Christmas to all of you-all in Dixie!"

Coogler Revisited

Rene La Borde, p.n.

The "Songbird of Dixie" invented the solemn absurdity and (although he never intended to) proved that the South could laugh at itself.

Rene LaBorde, a pen name, is one of the world's two authorities on the life and work of J. Gordon Coogler.

Alas, for the South! Her books have grown fewer—
She never was much given to literature.

Comparable to his rocket-rise to fame in the 1890's, J. Gordon Coogler, verser of these elegiac lines, has once again swum into the ken of poetry lovers coast-to-coast. Just as did journalists ninety years ago, so today Jerry Bledsoe in Charlotte *Observer* and other Knight-Ridder newspapers, Robert Tyrrell in *American Spectator*, James Jackson Kilpatrick in his nationwide syndicated column, and William Buckley in *National Review*[1] all have tributed (?) the Bard of the Congaree and given to Professors Claude and Irene Neuffer the dubious distinction of being "the world's greatest authorities—probably the only authorities"—on the man and his works.

Following the lead of these enthusiastic critics, other journalists have done additional stories on the bard's revival; and Coogler fan clubs are again present throughout the land. All of this batch of serendipity once again evidences that journalists and poetry lovers transcend time and place with an off-beat sense of humor.

Newpapers and journals from New York to Florida and westward via Kansas and Illinois to the Pacific coast have carried reviews of the Neuffer-LaBorde reprint of the little 1897 book *Purely Original Verse*, complete works by J. Gordon Coogler of Doko, South Carolina.[2]

From his little print shop on Columbia's Lady Street, Coogler composed occasional verse ("Poems Written While You Wait") long before Hallmark or American Greeting cards:

On her beautiful face
There are smiles of grace
That linger in beauty serene,
And there are no pimples
Encircling her dimples
As ever, as yet, I have seen.

Or, in printing pamphlets of his poems, which he sold for fifty cents, he was a conscientious space-saver and often filled out the bottom of a page with a discerning couplet:

The robin, the jaybird, and the crow
All make tracks in the beautiful snow.

Coogler's first wide acclaim was promoted by much more tongue-in-cheek reviews than those of today. Editors like Henry Grady of Atlanta *Constitution* editorialized, "There must be something in the writings of a man who can attract attention and win applause when corn is thirty cents a bushel and potato bugs have become a burden." Charles Dana of the New York *Sun*, a self-confessed Cooglerite, accoladed, "He writes as no other man has ever written."

[1]Jerry Bledsoe, "J. Gordon Coogler's Talent For Verse Could've Been Worst," Charlotte (N.C.) *Observer*, Sunday December 6, 1980, *et al.*; Robert Tyrrell, "J. Gordon Coogler Awards," *American Spectator*, December 1980; James Jackson Kilpatrick, "Songbird of Saluda Sings Again," Atlanta (Ga.) *Journal*, Sunday, February 1, 1981, *et al.*; William Buckley, "Culture Hour," *National Review*, February 20, 1981.

[2]Claude Henry Neuffer and Rene LaBorde, edd., *Purely Original Verse* by J. Gordon Coogler (1897) facsimile reprint with biographical sketch and marginalia, Columbia, S.C., 1974. Mrs. Neuffer previously used the name Rene LaBorde for her favorite article (also a bit of serendipity), "A Footnote that Changed the Charleston Skyline," *Georgia Review*, Fall, 1965, pp. 332-336. The town of Doko, Coogler's birthplace just north of Columbia, has now been name-changed to Blythewood.

Other critics and journalists from Boston's *Godey's Magazine* to London's *Puck* took up the gauntlet, terming Coogler American Poet Laureate, dulcet-voice Singer of Dixie, Songbird of Saluda, Bard of the Congaree, honey-lipped poet. Coogler Clubs, just like today, sprang up everywhere, from Grady's Atlanta Stanza One to Chicago and Boston and even across the water to Cambridge University. Over 5,000 copies of *Purely Original Verse* went out into the world.

Coogler apparently took all such fame very seriously. He included the reviews in his 1897 complete works; and in appreciation for acclaim from his fellow journalists of Georgia, he dedicated one of his "volumes" to the Stanza One Coogler Club, to whom he sent an autographed copy and a life-size self-portrait. But through it all, he still maintained his modesty:

You'll never see this head too large for my hat;
You may watch it and feel it as oft as you choose;
But you'll learn as millions of people have learned
Of my character and name thro' my innocent muse.

You'll never see this form clad in gaudy apparel,
Nor these feet play the dude in patent-leather shoes;
But your children's children will some day read
Some pleasant quotation from my innocent muse.

Caustic Critic H.L. Mencken insured Coogler's immortality when in 1916 he published his "Sahara of the Bozart," beginning with the "Alas, for the South" couplet and deeming Coogler "the last bard of Dixie, at least in the legitimate line." Through the years that Mencken essay is his most reprinted; and ironically, through all those years some folks have thought the Poet Coogler was one of Mencken's fabrications (cf. his "Neglected Anniversary" of Adam Thompson's introducing the bathtub into the United States.[3])

The present Coogler Revival began with a happen-so. At an anniversary dinner in 1970, celebrating fifty years of Mary C. Simms Oliphant's school textbook, *History of South Carolina,* Professor and Mrs. Neuffer (longtime friends of Miss May) happened to sit across from Robert Wilkins, founder-editor of *Sandlapper Magazine.* In the varied Caroliniana conversation, rare tales were exchanged. (Southerners are born story-tellers.) Mrs. N. quoted a bit of Cooglerian verse and told of her pride in her paternal legacy, an 1897 edition of *Purely Original Verse.* Before dinner was over, Editor Wilkins asked her to do a Coogler article for his magazine. And she did.[4]

Queries came in from *Sandlapper* readers: "Where can I get a volume of Coogler?" But none were to be had. Mrs. N surely wouldn't part with her original at any price. Back in her graduate days at Duke, she'd even turned down such a request from her Menckenoid professor—male chauvinist that he was, only occasionally granting Ph.D.'s to the female of the species.

The Neuffers thought a long time about a Coogler reprint. Even knowing that the Bard's verse would never be a GWTW, they were tempted. In 1974 they cast their die. The facsimile reprint of Coogler's *Purely Original Verse* also included a biographical sketch of the poet, the initial world-wide reviews, and the delightful marginalia of Mrs. N's father, Pierre F. LaBorde, "the Sage of Cedar Creek," to whom the reprint is dedicated. As a literary lawyer, he'd always wanted to be in hardback, and now in a way he is.

Financially speaking, the Coogler venture caused the Neuffers less occasionally to have hamburgers and rolls instead of fatback and cornpones. But even then it was worth it via the shared chortles with other Coogler enthusiasts who also wanted to get away from the obscure odes and pornographical prose, as expressed in the introduction's Coogler-like verse:

When my soul has come to tire
Of today's too bedeviled bugler,
Oh, to be soothed by the ingenuous Apollo's lyre
Of Simplicity's own J. Gordon Coogler.

From their base as editors of the annual place-name journal, *Names in South Carolina* (NSC),[5] the Neuffers received Coogler orders from their libraries and individual subscribers. L.S. Hembree, longtime NSC patron, editorialized in his Anderson *Independent* that he was foregoing a six-pack or two to order another copy of the "honey-lipped singer." As a result, a batch of orders came from Coogler's collateral descendants just over the line in Elberton, Georgia. The *Sandlapper* review by Poet Grace Freeman prompted a few requests, even one from an expatriate in South America. A bit more response came from Bill McDonald's popular column in the *State* newspaper (Columbia, South Carolina), quoting a verse or two "from the Coogler reprint by my favorite old professor." *American Speech* Editor John Algeo had a note on the reprint, concluding "It's the least we can do for old H.L.'s bard."

Even such tribute not too widely publicized doesn't make the best-seller list. The word really never got around—the word being *Cooglerism.* Just last year on a local radio quiz show in Columbia, Moderator Jerry Pate (one of the then small band of our bard enthusiasts) stumped his callers. Though it was a word long before *Lollobrigidian* described rolling hills, none of Jerry's supposed experts knew that a *Cooglerism* is a solemn absurdity.

When this initial furor of the 1974 Coogler cult so quickly subsided, what to do with all these remaining boxes of Coogler reprints? Improvising (as underpaid teachers' families must always do), Mrs. N discovered that two boxes of books make just the right height end-tables for the bedrooms and the den. There was obvious chance that their two children's legacies would be three or four hundred Cooglers apiece.

Part of the stack was eliminated by giving the books away to beloving students, to colleagues, and even to a few politicians—Each of the twenty-five state senators who voted defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment in the South Carolina legislature in February 1978 received a Coogler, inscribed with the Bard's 1897 verse:

[3]Robert McHugh, formerly of Associated Press in Baltimore and managing editor of Columbia (S.C.) *Record,* edited H.L. Mencken's *Bathtub Hoax* with introduction and notes. New York: Knopf, 1958.

[4]Irene L. Neuffer, "J. Gordon Coogler: Bard of the Congaree," *South Carolina History Illustrated,* August 1970, pp. 29-32.

[5]*Names in South Carolina,* first state place-name journal in United States, was founded at University of South Carolina in 1954 by Professor Neuffer, who has served as editor these 28 years, with Rene LaBorde as his circulation editor.

Sweet girl, I like to see you look
The very best you can;
But please do not try so soon
To imitate a man.

You are not masculine or neuter,
Neither of these genders;
Therefore I'd advise you to
Take off those suspenders.

It was the book-gifting that added another happen-so to the barely on-going Coogler revival. Preparing collected materials for his "Notes on Names" column for the November NSC, Professor Neuffer delighted in the Union County name, "Kudzu King," information for which he gleaned from Jerry Bledsoe's Sunday column in the Charlotte *Observer*. For that gem Jerry received an inscribed Coogler. The gift book arrived just as Jerry's own new book *Just Folks* had been published; he was coming to Columbia for an autographing at The Happy Bookseller. Since newspaper men have to practice motion study, on his trip south, Honorary Cooglerite Bledsoe interviewed Professor Neuffer on the revival. The result was an eight-column-headline feature, "J. Gordon Coogler's Talent for Verse Could've Been Worse" in the Sunday December 6 Charlotte *Observer*. Reprinted in other newspapers from Baltimore *Sun* to Wichita *Eagle Beacon*, the article whet poetry lovers' longings with quotes from Cooglerian verse, tributing accolades from the professor, and a concluding boxed invitation: "Want to Join?—If you want to become a Cooglerite or buy a copy of *Purely Original Verse* for $6, write Claude Neuffer at the Department of English, University of South Carolina, Columbia, S.C. 29208."

Very unincorporated Coogler Clubs were established almost immediately in Maryland and North Carolina:

No meetings, no dues;
Just active appreciation
For Coogler's Muse.

A fellow named Cugle wondered if he and J. Gordon might not have a common German ancestor. He wanted a volume for his next family reunion, and further versed the accuracy of his new-found kinsman since

We birdwatchers surely know
The robin, the jaybird, and the crow
Do *make tracks in the beautiful snow.*

And, as with all new club members, the Neuffers appropriately inscribed his book:

For your worst verse, we herewith dub
You president of Maryland's new Coogler Club.

In contrast, a Florida lady wrote her order and membership qualifications in a single-space, two-page letter in very heroic couplets. Libraries ordered copies for their "New Southern Literature" shelf. An architect hoped "the book will help me in my work" (Build thee more stately mansions?). A Baltimore school teacher wanted one for her creative writing class. Many orders were for Christmas presents for relatives who wrote comparable verse.

About the same time as the Bledsoe endorsement came another bonanza—the result of the Neuffers' gift of several Cooglers to a fellow professor. Dr. Bill Nolte was going to a Mencken society gathering. Yes, Menckenites would fully appreciate a volume of his "last bard of Dixie." Among the scholarly groupies in attendance was Robert Tyrrell, editor of *American Spectator*, for which journal Nolte had written book reviews. With supporting evidence via the gift of the Coogler reprint, the *Spectator*'s next uncoveted award had a new title: In the December issue Editor Tyrrell announced his annual "J. Gordon Coogler Award" for the worst books published in the United States during the past year.

Across the hills in Scrabble, Virginia, James Jackson Kilpatrick, widely syndicated columnist, was a regular *Spectator* reader. He knew of Coogler via Mencken's "Sahara of the Bozart," but a thorough check of literary biographical dictionaries revealed no such poet.[6] Kilpatrick wrote Friend Tyrrell of his "no show" research and questioned the propriety of titling an award with an apparently bogus name to recognize real live writers, however worse their books.

Tyrrell delighted in responding: "Coogler is not a fabrication. Unfortunately, he did exist.... The world's greatest authorities—probably the only authorities—on this least-known worst poet are Professor and Mrs. Claude Henry Neuffer of the University of South Carolina.... Mrs. Neuffer has long been a lover of bad poetry. They've put out a reprint of their Bard's complete works.... Coogler really deserves one of your columns, Jack. Write the Neuffers. I'm sure they'll send you a copy if you ask."

Kilpatrick did, they did, and the reprint inspired his next column. And that's the reason during the first weekend in February the Neuffers' telephone rang Cooglerian chimes with calls from across the land: a sister read the Washington *Star* and feared Mr. K was making fun of her brother and Coogler; a former student from Jackson, Mississippi, glowed over her old professor's recognition; another sister in Spartanburg was taking the *Herald* to the office for "Show and Tell"; a son called from Mobile to say maybe his mother wasn't so wrong in eulogizing Coogler as she had been in the sixties when she'd predicted, "The Beatles will never last; they're too loud." Other calls and mail orders came and are still coming from New York to Florida to the West Coast—even from Olympia and Seattle, Washington; imagine Coogler and Mt. St. Helens in the same state!

Coogler's poetry with the Neuffers' reprint was featured in over two hundred newspapers via Kilpatrick's column with delightfully varied headlines: America's Worst Poet.... Don't Be Too Hard On Our Bard.... A Poet Without Peer.... Songbird of Saluda Sings Again.... "Poems Written While You Wait".... The Bard of Doko.... Coogler: A 'Crow' Among Poets.

Comparable to the Coogler Cult of the 1890's, other journalists have joined in the tributing. William Buckley in February 20 *National Review* concluded as only Mr. Buckley would, "Coogler, tonight, sleeps with the immortals."

Though the "World Authorities" do an extra two-steps as they take book orders to the post office and checks to the bank, and the professor is only mildly concerned about the loss of several end-tables, in this whole Cooglerian Revival their chiefest life's extras have been the letters that accompanied the book orders—like the mother who knew her daughter would never disgrace her membership and maybe could become president of the Cleveland, Ohio, club; the

[6]Samples of Coogler's poetry are included in *Oxford Book of American Light Verse*, 1979, under the section, "Prismatic Poets."

continued on page 41

ESSAYS

Portrait of the Dark Side

by Thomas H. Landess

The Years of Lyndon Johnson: The Path to Power. By Robert A Caro. (Knopf Publishing Company) 1982. 882 pp. $19.95.

At the outset I'll admit that I have a problem with Robert A. Caro's book on Lyndon Johnson: I don't like the subject of his biography any more than he does, but I still disapprove of the way in which he's approached his task. My problem is further complicated by the fact that Caro's narrative is dramatic, entertaining, beautifully detailed, and cast in prose that is both precise and lively. He has won a Pulitzer Prize already (for his life of Robert Moses), and you can be certain that he will win a second one for this volume. The Pulitzer committee will find it irresistible.

What bothers me about Caro is the degree to which he obviously believes that ideological purity is the first principle of contemporary history. Perhaps it's merely his provincialism that makes him write the way he does. (He was born in New York City, where he still lives; and he went to Princeton and Harvard.) But I reject the proposition—which is essentially Marxist—that all behavior is simply and exclusively the result of environmental influences; so I can't excuse Caro from the responsibility for what he's done, though I'm willing to admit that in his case environment may have been a contributing factor.

If you analyze the structure and texture of *The Years of Lyndon Johnson* you'll find one principle and one only which will explain the ordering of the parts and the rhetorical coloring: a deep, mindless, unshakable belief in the New Deal and in the liberal prejudices which undergirded it. Never have I encountered a writer *more* devoted to this position, though I've run across many who could match him in tenacity and dedication.

Indeed there is something splendid in the simplicity of his vision and his ability to commit all his considerable rhetorical talents to its service. Literary criticism has taught us over the past four decades to find in poetry and fiction a unifying thematic concern that will explain all the parts—every image, every turn of phrase, every word. Life, with its accidental irrelevancy, must never intrude to mar the unity of the artistic conception. And in this sense Caro's biography is a poem, a novel, a work of art. Nothing spoils the perfection of it.

Thus Lyndon Johnson is a pure villain, and no act of his was ever admirably motivated when measured against the New Deal prescription. If at times he *seems* to have served poor people well, if he stood beside the Almighty (Roosevelt) on this or that issue, if he was known as a liberal throughout his career, if during his last years in the senate his voting record was slightly to the left of John F. Kennedy's, then all can be accounted for in terms of Johnson's essential wickedness, his secret desire to serve what Caro calls "reactionary Roosevelt-hating businessmen."

In this respect Caro is the literary successor of Bunyan and Harriet Beecher Stowe, to name but two puritan allegorists who didn't bother with characters whose ambiguities hinted at the complexities of life itself. While self-styled liberals have always denounced puritanism, they are surely our latter-day Roundheads, those who can pass absolute moral judgment on the conduct of their fellow men. And Caro is a puritan historian. He knows what went

on in Lyndon Johnson's heart forty-five years ago when he first ran for congress on a pledge of absolute support for F.D.R. If such a beginning seems pure and holy according to Caro's lights, remember that a quarter of a century later Johnson sent a half million men to fight in Viet Nam. So something must have been wrong all the time, some moral screw loose, a darkness lurking in the soul, masquerading as light. While angels and other lesser beings might tremble to judge absolutely and finally the motives of anything so mysterious as a human being, Caro has no such pusillanimous reservations. Wicked is wicked; and from the time Lyndon Johnson allowed a boyhood friend to yank his ears five times for a nickel, he was a damned soul, driven to ruin by his unmitigated ego.

Maybe so. Certainly Caro makes a good case for this selfish drive as the chief ingredient of Johnson's character. Nothing new here. J. Evetts Haley told us all about this aspect of his fellow Texan almost twenty years ago, when people like Caro were saying that the 1964 election was Armageddon and that Goldwater was the devil and Lyndon Johnson the Trampler of the Grapes of Wrath. But at that time no one knew or cared that Haley was a formidible historian whose biography of Charles Goodnight is regarded as an American classic.

But the fact that Haley and Caro say some of the same things should give us pause; and for the perceptive reader who wants to learn something about Southern politics there is much to recommend the career of Lyndon Baines Johnson of Johnson City, Texas. In the first place, he was poor, wretchedly poor, as was his region as a whole. In the 1920's when most Americans were living in relative comfort, the people of the Texas Hill Country, like many Southerners, were struggling on marginal farms, deep in debt, without such basic comforts as electricity and running water. Johnson's father was an honest man who served in the state legislature until he could no longer afford to, refused even a free meal from Austin lobbyists, owed everyone in town for most of his adult life, and died with nothing to leave his family but a heritage of indebtedness and shame. So if you want to know who the Forgotten Man of the Twenties was it was Sam Johnson, the father of a United States president.

Now there are several possible responses to such a degrading life; and during the lean years between 1865 and 1945 the Southerner generally chose one of them according to his own background and sensibilities. The Genteel Tradition demanded a fine contempt for any prosperity bought with coarsened sensibilities or Yankee shrewdness. At his best the Southern gentleman accepted the mysterious decree of God that he be poor and did so with faith, dignity, and good humor. He never bought up the subject of money, even among members of his own family, and he would have died rather than to conduct himself as if economic motives played any part in his actions, whether public or private. He would have chosen to starve rather than to appear greedy and would have considered government handouts more degrading than private charities, since one could more readily accept the generosity of friends than the cold dispensation of strangers.

At his worst the Southern gentleman was filled with deliberate pride and regarded those who were financially successful as morally inferior by definition. He wore his once-splendid rags with a kind of hauteur that became the inevitable butt of local jokes, and he was continually proclaiming to all who would listen (and particularly to the Yankees) the glory of the dear dead days when the Bottom Rail was on the Bottom where it damn well belonged. Too good for the sordid political arena, he would nonetheless accept appointive office as something due him because of his distinguished forebears.

The Plain Tradition did not require poverty of its inheritors but rather hard work and the resolve to overcome economic adversity. At his best the plain man worked from before dawn till after sunset in an effort to pay his debts, clothe his children, and redeem his fallen state. He did not look to the past but to the future, to a time when he would dig himself out of the deep hole. He had a healthy respect for money because he knew just how much work lay behind a dollar bill; but he also believed there were more important things than money; and chief among these was self-respect, which meant you paid your own way and didn't accept handouts, either from your neighbors or from the government. With God's help you could make it on your own, because God helps those who help themselves. (Not always, but usually.)

Lyndon Johnson, contrary to what Caro would have us believe, was not a a reluctant or counterfeit supporter of Roosevelt but rather the paradigm of what the president encouraged in his followers.

At its worst, of course, the Plain Tradition fostered greed, envy, and insatiable ambition. Hard work was merely one of the means to success; but there were others, quicker and therefore preferable—and a reputation for honesty was not necessarily the most useful asset in a dog-eat-dog world. The less-principled plain man would do anything for financial gain in the sure and certain knowledge that money could buy whatever was worth having, including a good reputation, if you became rich enough. As for handouts and government boondoggles, he would take anything he could get. Indeed he saw himself as the rightful recipient of such bounty, since rich folks were crooks anyway and therefore ripe for any kind of swindle, particularly the sort perpetrated by the state and federal governments in the abstract name of the people.

This last Southerner rose to power in the twentieth-century, flying the Populist banner; and his chief spokesmen have been such politicians as Ben Tillman of South Carolina, Tom Watson of Georgia, Vardaman and Bilbo of Mississippi, and Lyndon Johnson of Texas. Indeed it is figures such as these who are recognized by Northerners as

quintessentially Southern, largely, I suspect, because the stereotype is so unattractive and therefore so satisfying to Yankee self-esteem. The South has been beaten half to death with it for over seventy-five years; and while we can point out that such a figure is not our best or even our typical representative, we cannot deny that he exists and that from time to time we have sent him to the halls of congress.

And one thing more. The New Deal was invented for this kind of Southerner, just as it was made for a certain kind of Yankee. Lyndon Johnson, contrary to what Caro would have us believe, was not a reluctant or counterfeit supporter of Roosevelt but rather the paradigm of what the president encouraged in his followers.

It was said of the young Johnson that he was "the best congressman for a district that *ever was.*" What does such an extravagant statement mean? Does it suggest that he was a better representative than, say, Henry Clay? Well, yes it does, if the best congressman is the one most adept at bringing home the federal bacon. Certainly Lyndon Johnson did *that.* With the aid of Tommy Corcoran, Abe Fortas, and a host of other young New Dealers who knew how to circumvent the law in order to milk the bureaucracy, Johnson brought the Tenth Congressional District of Texas rural electrification when they didn't really qualify for it and a high dam that was extra-legal in so many ways that even with Fortas's sophistical wrenching of the law it took Roosevelt's direct intervention to "give the kid the dam." Just like that it was done, and one of Johnson's rich constituents in the construction business belonged to the future president for the rest of his life.

That's what being a good congressman meant according to the gospel of the New Deal. Of course bringing home the federal bacon was always part of a congressman's task, but Lyndon Johnson was among the first who conceived of his duties almost exclusively in these terms. In this respect he had a remarkable foreknowledge of what government was to become, indeed already had become with the advent of Roosevelt and the New Deal.

And it is for this reason that Caro's biography is useful, even to those of us who do not share his admiration for F.D.R. and his four terms of social change. Indeed the story of Lyndon Johnson is the story of America in the second half of the twentieth century; and if Johnson is an unattractive figure, one whom Caro regards as beneath contempt, it is surely because the L.B.J. that he pictures is the worst part of us all, what we have become as a people through our greed and envy and striving.

As a portrait of our dark side, then, *The Years of Lyndon Johnson: The Path to Power* has its curative uses; but we must never mistake it for an account of the real man, the flesh-and-blood reality that was Lyndon Baines Johnson. Even the devil in his near-perfect wickedness retains some spark of virtue, otherwise he would cease to be, since everything that exists has been created by God. Likewise Johnson must have been a man capable of kindness and self-sacrifice and love, otherwise he would not have been human; and it is in the knowledge of his humanity that we must ultimately find our hope; for he is, after all, as I have already suggested, our kinsman, our fellow-Southerner, our brother.

Thomas Landess is professor of English at the University of Dallas. He is widely published in conservative and scholarly journals.

BOOKS

Toting The Weary Load

by Rod Gragg

The Celluloid South: Hollywood and The Southern Myth. By Edward D.C. Campbell. (University of Tennessee Press) 1981. 212 pp. $17.95.

If you think of the Old South as a site of palatial plantations, swirling Southern belles, gallant planters and obedient servants, you should read Edward Campbell's *The Celluloid South.* You'll learn you've been captured by a motion picture myth. If instead, you think of the Old South as a place of lusty planters, tormented slaves and whining Southern women —you're also a captive of Hollywood myth-making.

Southern historians generally agree that Americans have a misconception of life in the antebellum American South. This new book explains the origin of our mythical South: mythic literature translated to the great mass medium—film. In reality, only a tiny minority of white Southerners owned slaves in the antebellum South and most slaveowners lived on small "plantations" which employed few slaves. There were great, palatial plantations, of course, but only a handful of Southerners attained such riches. Unlike the myth of *Gone With The Wind*, every plantation was not a cotton plantation: some thrived on tobacco and others on rice. The rigors of a one-crop economy meant that the economic health of the region was unpredictable and most white Southerners, as well as blacks, were well-acquainted with hard work for little gain.

In reality, only a tiny minority of white Southerners owned slaves in the antebellum South and most slaveowners lived on small "plantations" which employed few slaves.

The only group of folks who enjoyed lasting benefits from slavery were the Hollywood movie makers, who have milked the South of slavery times for every imaginable nickel, while reinforcing Southern myths in the minds of generations of moviegoers.

Author Edward Campbell, a member of the english and history faculties

at Virginia Commonwealth University and the director of Richmond's Museum of the Confederacy, has produced a colorful, informative chronicle of Hollywood's myth-making.

The mythical South of Hollywood was launched as early as 1903, when legendary film director Edwin S. Porter followed his historic *Great Train Robbery* (considered by many film historians to be the first real movie) with a film version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Porter took a distorted view of the South and distorted it even more, setting a precedent for film directors from 1903 until the present.

Motion pictures from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to *Gone With The Wind* to Walt Disney's *Song of the South* depicted a non-existent South where everyone was either a rich and cultured plantation owner or a loyal and happy slave. If a Southern small farmer was presented—and most antebellum white Southerners *were* small farmers—he was portrayed as poor white trash. "Characterizations of the Southern herdsmen, mountain people, farmers, town dwellers and merchants or the average planter with his few slaves and modest home were entirely absent," Campbell writes. "When the common folk were portrayed, it was nearly always disparaging."

Hollywood even changed the geography, Campbell asserts. The South became Georgia, the Carolinas, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Tennessee, while Hollywood ignored Arkansas, Florida and Texas as members of the old Confederacy.

Campbell traces the myth-making through generations of Hollywood productions, from the early silent films through the golden age of Hollywood to the present. His interpretation is balanced and stimulating, and while his work is credible scholarship, it is presented in a popular style. He includes an entire chapter on *Gone With The Wind*, which tersely presents a parade of little-known *GWTW* information. (Did you know, for instance, that the Margaret Mitchell classic was once entitled *Tote the Weary Load?)*

Today's Southern-oriented films—*Roots, Smokey and the Bandit, W.W. and the Dixie Dance Kings, Macon County Line*, etc.—depict a different kind of South, but the depiction is just another type of myth, according to Campbell.

"Today's productions include the attractions of the Old South romances without quite the prejudice of the antebellum plots," Campbell observes. "The problem of race is subordinated, but the region's supposedly strong claim to independence and individualism is sustained in films of truckers, moonshiners, and forthright country folk.... Thus the mythology is being adapted to the time."

Campbell's book is an entertaining study which confirms a suspicion long held in Tupelo and Beaufort: You can't trust those folks in Hollywood.

The Strategy of Gettysburg

Attack And Die: Civil War Military Tactics And The Southern Heritage. By Grady McWhiney and Perry D. Jamieson. (University of Alabama Press) 1982. 209 pp. $17.95.

They Met At Gettysburg. By Gen. Edward Stackpole. (Stackpole Books) 1956. New Edition, 1982. 342 pp. Trade paper. $9.95.

In the first two years and three months of the American Civil War, 175,000 Confederate soldiers died—more men than Robert E. Lee led in any army he commanded. In just five battles of the war 80,000 Southern soldiers died. Southern military tactics were responsible for the awful bloodbath and were also greatly responsible for the Southern defeat, according to the authors of a new Civil War study, *Attack and Die: Civil War Military Tactics and the Southern Heritage.*

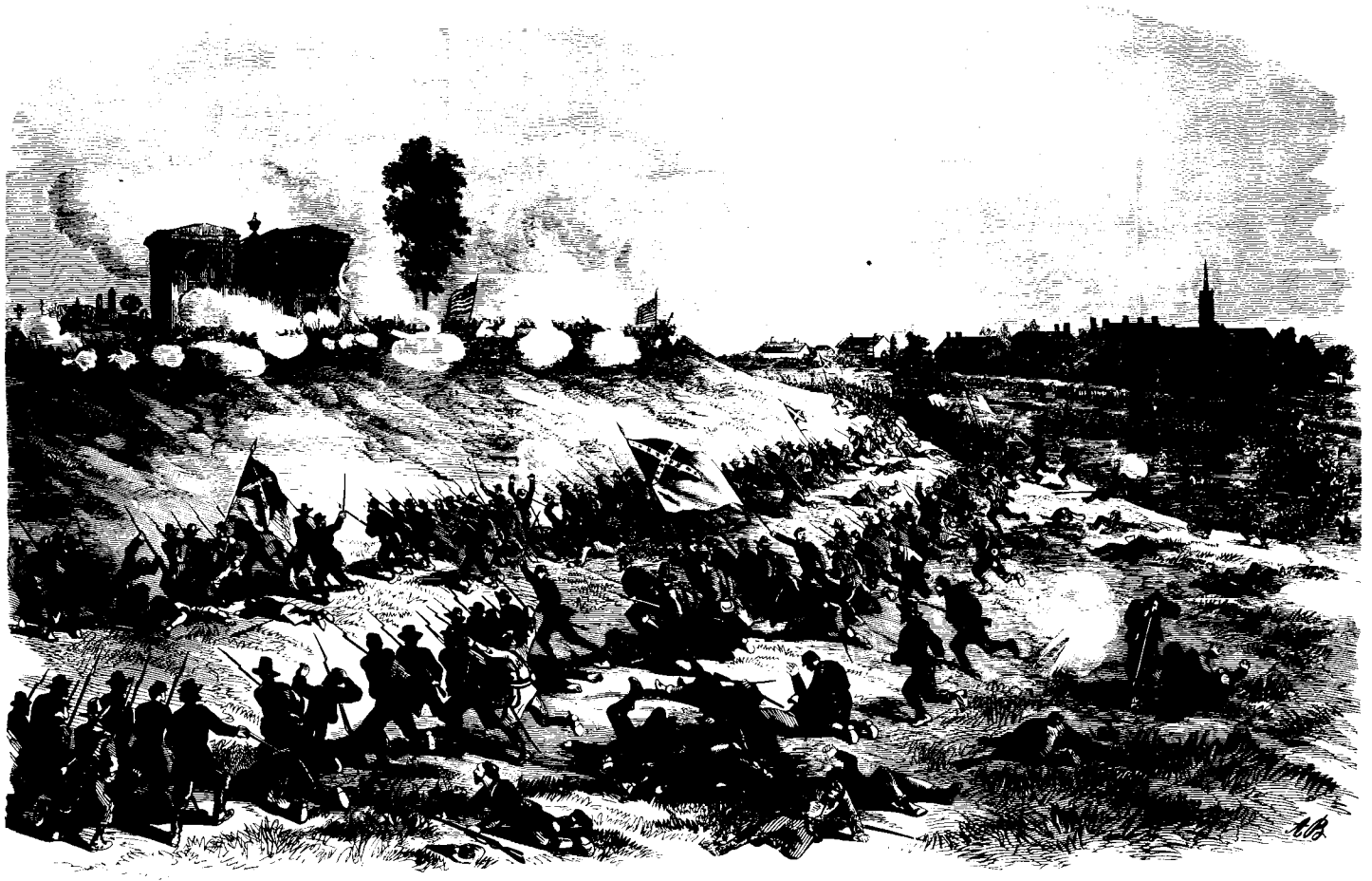
The authors, Grady McWhiney, a Southern historian at the University of Alabama, and Perry Jamieson, the historian of the USAF Strategic Air Command, have skillfully constructed a study which claims that the Confederate military command, which most historians have praised, in fact chose tactics which accomplished few longterm gains while allowing the Southern military forces to bleed to death.

Like the counterparts, the Northern commanders, the Confederacy's ranking officers were trained at West Point and tested in the Mexican War. The lessons they learned had murderous results when applied in the Civil War. The Confederate military was significantly outnumbered by Northern troops and resources, the authors argue, and should have pursued defensive tactics, which would have economically utilized the Southern manpower and resources while straining the North beyond its willingness to fight.

The Southerners insisted on offensive tactics, the authors suggest, because the South traced its lineage to the ancient Celts, who loved combat and always fought aggressively.

"The Confederacy only had to be defended to survive," the book asserts. "But defensive tactics were not what the Confederates elected to use. From the war's outset Southern sentiment overwhelmingly favored an invasion of the North." The Confederacy invaded Northern territory several times during the war and the two largest invasions ended in disastrous failures at the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg.

In the end, the North won the war by Ulysses Grant's aggressive tactics, which brought victory through an incredible slaughter of Union soldiers. The North, with its superior superior human resources, could afford such loss, but the South, with its thin population, could not replace the losses incurred by taking the offensive. "The South simply bled itself to death in the first three years



of the war," the authors write, "by taking the tactical offensive in nearly 70 per cent of the major actions."

The Southerners insisted on offensive tactics, the authors suggest, because the South traced its lineage to the ancient Celts, who loved combat and always fought aggressively. The Civil War, the authors claim, was really a war between the Celts—represented by the South—and the English—represented by the North. "Southerners lost the Civil War because they were too Celtic," the authors believe, "and their opponents were too English."

Conventional Civil War historians and readers may agree with the book's observation of military tactics, but the theory of Celtic influence, while colorful, will probably win few converts.

One Civil War battle which may provide evidence for the tactical theories of *Attack and Die* was Gettysburg, which ended Lee's attempt to take the war to the North and produced ghastly casualties for the South. One third of all the Confederate troops engaged in the battle were killed or wounded and some Southern regiments recorded casualty rates as high as 80 per cent. The story of Gettysburg has been recorded in many books and one of the most popular works was *They Met At Gettysburg* by General Edward Stackpole, a World War I veteran.

Stackpole wrote the book in 1956. Popular demand has kept it in print and now a new edition is out with a foreward by Robert Fowler, the founder of *Civil War Times Illustrated* magazine, who became addicted to the study of the conflict while reading the first edition of Stackpole's book. "For ordinary folk who want to learn what happened at Gettysburg and why, in unadorned language, *They Met At Gettysburg* remains the perfect answer," Fowler writes. "General Stackpole studied the battle carefully, walked over the terrain, consulted maps, talked to authorities and formed his own opinions and wrote his story without frills. No wonder his work has gone through so many editions."

Gettysburg, fought July 1-3, 1863, was the greatest battle fought in the Western Hemisphere. Of the 892 major engagements of the Civil War, it is the most familiar to most Americans. Stackpole simplifies the action, following Lee's Confederate army as it invades the North hoping to turn the tide of the war in the South's direction. But instead of taking the war to Philadelphia, Harrisburg or even New York as Lee had hoped, the Southern and Northern forces stumbled into each other at the tiny Pennslyvania crossroads of Gettysburg. The awful struggle lasted three days and militarily ended in a draw, but Lee was forced to retreat southward and the Confederacy never recovered from the losses received at Gettysburg. "Thereafter the war receded slowly," Stackpole wrote, "but inexorably until the grinding forces of attrition reached Appomattox Court House, Virginia, where General Lee surrendered to General Grant on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865."

Stackpole died about ten years after he wrote *They Met At Gettysburg*, but demand for his story of the battle has never ceased.

—RG

Contemplating The Messiah

Abraham Lincoln: The Quest For Immortality. By Dwight G. Anderson. (Knopf) 1982. 271 pp. $16.95.

Twenty years before he was elected to the American presidency, Abraham Lincoln—then a member of the Illinois legislature—fell into such despondency over political and romantic setbacks that his friends hid his razor and knives, fearing the future President would commit suicide. Lincoln, a friend would later recall, simply "went crazy as a loon."

Such details of the Lincoln psychology are plentiful in *Abraham Lincoln: The Quest for Immortality,* newly written by Dwight G. Anderson, a political scientist at San Diego State University.

Anderson's study profiles Lincoln's world view, which the author believes influenced Lincoln's personal life, his political acts and, ultimately, the political direction of the nation. According to Anderson, Lincoln's world view and his resulting actions were significantly shaped by a biography of George Washington that Lincoln read and re-read as a boy. The biography was written by Mason Locke Weems, an Anglican minister-turned-author who produced a biography of Washington immediately after the first president's death.

Weems, who gave South Carolina's Francis Marion national fame with another biography, mythologized Washington with the "Father of our country" image, produced by tales of questionable authenticity—such as the cherry tree story. Through Weems' dramatic prose, Washington became an American messiah above reproach who was solely responsible for the creation of a strong Union. According to author Anderson, Lincoln consciously sought to imitate Weems' glorified, simplified portrait of Washington.

Anderson bases his theory on numerous Lincoln references to the Weems biography and on the elusive evidence of Lincoln's religious life.

As a substitute for his religious indecision, Lincoln adopted a political religion, Anderson claims, which was an allegiance to the Union as savior.

Generations of historians have debated Lincoln's religious preferences by citing contradictory statements Lincoln uttered at various times in his life. According to Anderson's study, Lincoln's religious beliefs seem to have been a combination of orthodox Christianity, Unitarianism and agnosticism. As a substitute for his religious indecision, Lincoln adopted a political religion, Anderson claims, which was an allegiance to the Union as savior. Influenced by Mason Weems' view of Washington and motivated by a fatalistic vision of himself as a national leader, Lincoln reportedly came to believe that the Union was of premier importance—that it was sanctified through the bloodiest of civil warfare and was available as a form of salvation to all who would profess faith in an oath of allegiance.

Anderson's theory is provocative, but it becomes weak when he attempts to apply Freudian psychology to the Lincoln personality. Raised in extreme poverty and degradation, Anderson writes, Lincoln was oppressed by an inferiority complex which made him ambitiously seek fame. His desire for glory, Anderson believes, was subconsciously a desire for immortality, which was really a desire to be God, which was really a desire to be a father figure, which was really a desire to be his own father, which—finally—was a manifestation of an Oedipal complex. Devout Freudians may be able to make some sense out of this. No one else will.

Perhaps understandably, Anderson cannot resist applying his political science background to this study, which was another mistake. His concluding summary may be the first time the Viet Nam War has been blamed on Abraham Lincoln. Despite these pecularities, Anderson has produced a thoughtful profile of Lincoln. Many details of Lincoln's life emerge in this work in a refreshingly candid portrait.

The author's conclusion is that Lincoln founded a new constitutional order—a civil religion—based on his worship of a union of states under a strong central government. The book's philosophical passages may be somewhat opaque, but as a profile of another aspect of the Lincoln character the book is interesting reading.

—RG

A Forgotten Chapter

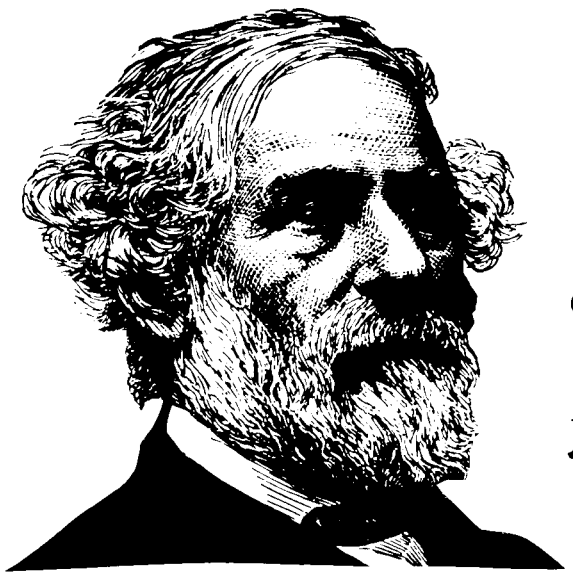
Lee: The Last Years. By Charles Bracelen Flood. (Houghton Mifflin Company) 1981. 308 pp. $14.95.

Few figures in American history have received as much attention as Robert E. Lee. Practically every schoolchild knows his name and shelves of Lee biographies have been produced in the 111 years since his death. Revisionist histories reexamine the Lee record from time to time, but what new information could be produced about Robert E. Lee? Author Charles Bracelen Flood has an answer.

Flood has produced a new book which examines Lee's last five years. While other biographies have dealt with the final years of Lee's life, few, if any, works have devoted 300 pages to the post-Civil War years of Robert E. Lee. *Lee: The Last Years* is written by a prize-winning author whose Bicentennial book on the Revolution, *Rise and Fight Again,* is viewed by some historians as the best book on the American Revolution produced during the Bicentennial.

Now author Flood has turned his talents for research and writing toward Lee and the result is an informative, appealing look at "the forgotten chapter of Lee's life."

The book begins at war's end. In the days following his surrender at Appomattox Lee was worn, defeated



The treason proceedings against Lee were stopped by none other than Lee's old adversary, U.S. Grant, who threatened to resign from the U.S. Army if Lee were placed on trial.

and charged with treason—grounds for execution or imprisonment, according to some of his enemies. His property had been destroyed or seized by Union troops and Lee, like most of his former soldiers, had no way to earn an income. The treason proceedings against Lee were stopped by none other than Lee's old adversary, U.S. Grant, who threatened to resign from the U.S. Army if Lee were placed on trial.

Even with the threat of hanging or imprisonment removed, Lee was faced with a bleak future. He moved onto an abandoned tenant farm with his family and vowed to write a history of his once-formidable Army of Northern Virginia, but he suffered from heart disease and did not expect to live long. Then, opportunity appeared from an unlikely source: little Washington College—a small, financially unstable school in the mountains of western Virginia. Would Lee consider a position as president of the college, the trustees wondered? The Washington College trustees, author Flood writes, "....were thinking of Lee as a famous battlefield leader, but they had just named (as their president) a former Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, who knew more about educational administration than they did." The salary they offered America's best-known general: $1,500 a year.

Lee gratefully accepted the position at the "broken-down college" and with his presence made the little school into a respected academic insitution still held in esteem today. Lee spent the last years of his life dealing with students and overseeing institutional problems and challenges —a quiet end for the man who thrashed one Union general after another and who had shaken the North with a bold Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania in 1863.

As he was a leader in war, Lee was a pace-setter in peace. His decision to sign the controversial Oath of Allegiance to the United States at war's end set an example for former Confederates and was a major contribution to the reinstatement of peace during Reconstruction.

When he died in office at the little mountain college, Lee was mourned in the South and respected in the North. The little college he guided for the last years of his life was renamed in his honor—as Washington and Lee University. **—RG**

Recapturing The Mind Of The South

by William LeJeune

All Clever Men, Who Make Their Way. Critical Discourse in the Old South. Edited by Michael O'Brien, The University of Arkansas Press (1982) 456 pages. $20.00.

Michael O'Brien holds that, in the main, existing historiography has yet to explore fully and describe accurately antebellum Southern intellectual history. Even so, the generally accepted judgment of the period is that no important intellectual and aesthetic culture was produced in the South. O'Brien's book is the latest in a trickle by the likes of Drew Faust, Robert Brugger and E. Brooks Holifield seeking to establish a scholarly basis for informed critical judgment.

O'Brien has collected and provided comment on fourteen pieces written by Southerners between 1775 and 1865 which demonstrate the flow and range of Southern thought. Only two of his offerings (Jesse Burton Harrison's "English Civilization" and Charles E.A. Gayarre's "The Rise and Fall of John Law") are being reprinted for a second time. The other essays, prior to the publication of this book, have been "undisturbed by editors since their first publication." This neglect alone demonstrates that while

much has been written about Southern writers, their works have rarely been sought out and dealt with directly.

In his long introduction and comments on the fourteen essays, O'Brien shows that the ennunciators of the Southern mind were no mere speculators or academics dabbling with ideas from life's margins. Rather, they were men actively pursuing their own way as lawyers, ministers, planters, diplomats, testing the utility and soundness of ideas in the laboratory of use as well as in the drawing room of discussion and debate.

O'Brien also points out the circumstances that conspired to prevent men of the Old South from becoming professional men of letters and related circumstances that prevented their expressions from making a lasting impact on intellectual life in America. Book publishing never prospered in the Old South. Therefore short-lived journals—periodicals—provided the main medium of intellectual expression. Thus, over time the speculation and comment of the Old South reposed inaccessibly in the paper tomb of defunct periodicals.

Another factor was the common use of pen names. Considering self-aggrandizement vulgar, the antebellum Southern writer preferred anonymity, and that further complicates historical investigation. And of course, the North won the war. With might making right, the flourishing Yankee publishing trade has expanded military conquest into moral and intellectual terms as well. Thus the Emerson's and Thoreau's were touted, while formidible writers of the Old South were simply committed to oblivion.

Michael O'Brien's book is a sampler of the mind of the Old South. We see in the pages of this important collection, impressive scholarship, penetrating analysis on a great variety of subjects: James Hervey Smith on political economy; Hugh Swinton Legare on German Dairies;" Frederick Adolphus Porcher on modern art; John Holmes Bocock on Emerson; Richard Henry Nisbet on Hawthorne; Basil Gildersleeve on "The Necessity of the Classics;" and other writers whose names are not now well-known but who stand as a testimony to the liveliness of the antebellum Southern mind.

In compiling these essays, O'Brien attacks the accessibility problem. He and The University of Arkansas Press are to be commended for this impressive effort at setting straight the record.

Author Note: Mr. LeJeune resides in Norfolk, Virginia. He is a free-lance writer and a student of the Old South. ■

Coogler
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Jacksonville surgeon who sought respite from editing a medical journal; the Memphis lawyer who opined "One happens on such gems only rarely. I must have that volume"; the Connecticut poet whose friends had sent her a framed Coogler Award from the Gulf Coast Chapter of American Coogler Society; a history professor who announced "We're starting a Coogler Society here in Northern Alabama"; a Detroit fan who mused, "Ah, if our Sweet Singer of Michigan had but known Mr. Coogler, what a collaboration they might have perpetuated"; a Scarsdale fellow who ordered one because "I love things like this" and then ordered six more in verse; an expatriate who needed "the book as further evidence of the unique abilities of natives of my home state"; a Virginian who confessed "I can't resist fine poetry.... Genius will out in the verdict of history"; a man who fell out of his chair reading Kilpatrick's quotes and was daring to see how the whole volume would affect him; a Chicago librarian who was preparing a Coogler display; a Long Beach, Californian who sent a copy of Buckley's treatise written across "I want it"; a Louisiana check marked "For Coogler's last stand"; and the "humble servant from Chevy Chase who could dream:

> *Some day, perhaps, Doko, S.C., will become a Southern literary shrine, complete with a tourist souvenir stand, the Coogler Birthplace (with a U.S. flag; no one has ever questioned the man's patriotism), a Coogler Memorial Choir; and maybe an annually produced folk-play about the coming of the Japanese traders. Sometimes an author's recognition has to wait awhile, even though Coogler was no ordinary poet.*
>
> *Meanwhile, I applaud your scholarly research and (duly forwarding money) request a copy of the Coogler compilation. With innocent heart and bated breath, I remain Your humble servant....*

And there was the letter Editor Robert Tyrrell wrote to Mrs. N thanking them both for his reprint: "I carry my Coogler with me everywhere I go.... Every University teacher of literature in the United States should be required to have a copy on his desk....I can't understand why your reprint hasn't been reviewed in the New York *Times* book section.... You and Professor Neuffer are to be commended for being bold enough to prepare this unique volume. You both should have monuments in the Smithsonian."

Kilpatrick's after-column letter was another chiefest gem —not just that he ordered a batch of Cooglers, but that he was distributing them to discerning members of his Rappahannock County Stanza One J. Gordon Coogler Literary, Forensic, and Inside-Straight Society, and that each meeting of that group will begin with several readings from the Bard before the more mundane activities like Jacks-or-Better.

The "Rene LaBorde" as co-editor puzzled some reviewers, whose solution was to omit her as a "World Authority." Mrs. N explained, "No, I didn't flunk French. The *Rene*, pronounced REEny, is a clip-off of Irene; LaBorde is my maiden name. I often use it in writing about my favorite professor's research so as to avoid charges of prejudice, even though I'm guilty. In no way am I women's lib; besides, I can type."

—But maybe credit doesn't matter when everybody's paying cash. All this belated Coogler Revival shows the importance of the right place at the right time. With good publicity from enthusiastic, credible critics, the product succeeds, whether it's Hadacol or Coogler. You reckon the Neuffers ought to bring out a second edition? Or should they wait for a spread in Doonesbury? ■

NOTES FROM CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL

A Confederate Shrine Fights for Survival

John Edward Hurley

One of the most interesting shrines to the Confederacy is also one of the least known. For the last century it has been unobtrusively tucked away in the heart of downtown Washington, D.C., just eight blocks from the White House.

To understand the origins of this Confederate shrine, it is necessary to understand the origins of Washington. Congress designated Washington as the Capital city in 1800. At that time, almost all the families that populated the area came from Southern Maryland and the Northern Neck of Virginia.

The population steadily but slowly grew until 1860, when there were 75,000 residents. Most of the newcomers came from the same areas of Maryland and Virginia.

The Gathering Storm

Because of their strong Southern backgrounds, the citizens of the District of Columbia looked on with dismay as Northern politicians inveighed against the constitutional principle of States Rights and promoted instead the concept of absolute federal supremacy.

With the election of Abraham Lincoln, the residents of the District became extremely apprehensive, for they were convinced from his public statements that what he could not accomplish within the confines of Constitutional law he would attempt to accomplish with the sword. Because of the tenseness of the situation, Lincoln was brought into town disguised and under cover of darkness. He was secretly installed in the old Willard Hotel, and sharpshooters were deployed around the hotel and on the roof.

Meanwhile troops poured into the city until it was virtually occupied. Nearly 1,400 of New York's Sixty-ninth Regiment moved on the Georgetown College campus.

In order to consolidate his position, Lincoln suspended elections and threw the mayor of the city in jail, without a writ of *habeas corpus:* an unconstitutional act that Lincoln was to repeat throughout the duration of the War for those, both North and South, who disagreed with him.

Nearly all the able bodied men of the D.C. area donned the Gray to help throw off the yoke of tyranny. They looked upon the occupiers as usurpers, and they were determined to defend the Constitution. Of the 1,141 students and alumni of Georgetown College, 925 served the South. The surnames of those who left Washington for Confederate service read like a Who's Who of the old South. They include Lee, Maury, Semmes, Armistead, Custis, Briscoe, Mudd, Gardner, Mason, Campbell, Surratt, Key, Randolph, Heth and Randall, to name but a few.

After the War when the Confederate veterans returned to Washington, they found that the pre-War ambience of their Southern town had changed dramatically. The population had almost doubled to 140,000, not counting troops. Most of these were profiteers and charlatans who had come to do business with the federal government which had established itself as the unchallenged authority on all things commercial as well as political.

The graft that was rampant in the Lincoln administration reached dizzying proportions with succeeding administrations.

It is interesting to note that, during this post-War period, P.T. Barnum, of circus fame, came to Washington. He purchased a wagon horse from a local resident, killed it, coated the carcass with paste, festooned it with chicken feathers, and offered it for public inspection as a "prehistoric animal." Members of Congress were then invited, for a fee, to view this "wonder" from a *cordon sanitaire* that prevented close inspection.

As the days passed, the odor became intense. Congress smelled a rat and threatened an investigation. Rather than undergo the rigors of a Congressional investigation, Mr. Barnum opted to leave town. This circus atmosphere in post-War Washington was not only foreign to the Confederate veterans who returned, but it was repugnant to them.

Preserving The Culture

The Southern residents of the city therefore organized the Confederate Memorial Association, a group dedicated to the preservation of Southern culture. They then purchased the mansion which is now known as Confederate Memorial Hall.

After the War when the Confederate veterans returned to Washington, they found that the pre-War ambience of their Southern town had changed dramatically.

Originally the mansion was used as a home for Confederate veterans. But as death thinned the ranks of the veterans, Association members turned to other philanthropies. Many donations were made to Walter Reed Hospital, the Salvation Army and the American National Red Cross. During World War I, two French orphans were adopted.

In 1919, the mansion was converted to a convention hall, library and museum. Among the more significant acquisitions were oil paintings of General Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, General Stonewall Jackson, General Sterling Price, General Joseph E. Johnston and General Fitzhugh Lee. There is also a marble bust of General Lee by Herbert Barbee, who sculpted much of the Confederate statuary in cities and towns throughout the South. The portraits and bust are catalogued in the National Portrait

Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution. Other items of interest include a Jefferson Davis sideboard, two period chairs which once were the property of General Beauregard, and numerous battle flags, rare prints and books.

Over the years, Confederate Memorial Hall has been vibrant with patriotic, benevolent, educational and historical activities. The Hall is frequently the site for meetings of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Southern Relief Society and the Children of the Confederacy.

Today the Hall is fighting for survival. Not only have mounting maintenance costs forced it into debt, but the Internal Revenue Service has reconsidered its tax status.

Since public monies are neither sought nor accepted, it is up to all of us who share the ideals of the South to make sure that this magnificent shrine to the Confederacy doesn't go to the auction block. ■

NOTE: Mr. Hurley, who leads the effort to save the Confederate Memorial Hall, begins with this issue a periodic report on the doings at the old Hall and other items of interest to those of us who believe in preserving the relics.

Right Track
continued from page 4

the ant, thou sluggard, and *set thine house in order, for he that spares the rod spoils the child.* Teach your child not to *look upon the wine when it is red,* but *better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.* Also, *a soft answer turneth away wrath;* and, if the child has *a clean heart,* advise him, *"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."* Truly, the most poignant words of the betrayed parent are those of the father, David: *"O Absalom, my son, my son!"* (as William Faulkner knew).

Brothers fare harshly in the Bible: the first brother, *Cain,* murders his younger brother *Abel,* and *the mark of Cain* is that of the fratricide. And *Jacob* takes advantage of his older brother *Esau's* strong hunger, and gets Esau to *sell his birthright for a mess of pottage* to eat.

But friendship can be stronger than brotherly ties, like the friendship of *David and Jonathan: there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,* even *through fire and through water.* The friend of each is a *man after his own heart, the apple of his eye, one among a thousand.* Surely *they shall see eye to eye.*

The pessimistic Preacher reminds us, *"Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward,"* and that the years of our lives are tallied to the sun of *three-score and ten: "We bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told* [for MacBeth, 'by an idiot']." The world-weary Preacher points out that *there is no new thing under the sun*—for, *Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?* (Rudyard Kipling had an answer for that, in a story for children.) Further, the classes of the rich *grind the faces of the poor*— life is truly empty: *Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.* And what academic doctoral candidate, on the eve of his final oral exam, would not agree that *of the making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh*—so why not *let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we shall die?*

On the other hand, evil brings its own punishment: If you are *stiffnecked* and think, *"I am holier than thou,"* don't forget that *pride goeth before a fall; be sure your sin will find out.* For *who diggeth a pit shall fall therein,* and *the way of the transgressor is hard. The wicked flee when no man pursueth,* for they see the handwriting on the wall—*they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind*—they are *at their wit's end!*

In public affairs, a conference of nations *saying Peace, peace; when there is no peace* may see the first small signs of war, like *a little cloud* rising *out of the sea,* no bigger than *a man's hand.* Soon *mighty men of valor* throughout the land—*from Dan to Beersheba*—will demand *eye for eye, tooth for tooth.* Perhaps a *Samson* will *smite them hip and thigh,* although he used a very unusual weapon: *"With the jawbone of an ass have I slain a thousand men!"* For such a warrior, *his enemies shall lick the dust* indeed. But we must not forget that *the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.* Consider little *David,* who slew the giant *Goliath* with his sling and a stone—*How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!* And when *Moses* ordered Pharaoh, *"Let my people go!"* the Israelites did *escape,* [although] *by the skin of their teeth.* When the winning nation would like to make its former opponent suffer even more, *let the people of that nation treat the conquered enemy with kindness,* for thus *they will heap coals of fire upon his head.*

With the coming of peace, *they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn* [or 'study'] *war any more.* In a *land flowing with milk and honey,* there will be *cattle upon a thousand hills* and the people will *flourish like the green bay tree. Every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree,* and all will *eat of the fat of the land.*

A wise king will remind his fellow rulers that, when compared with *the stars in their courses,* all the kingdoms are as a drop in a bucket. Therefore, *"Come now, and let us reason together,* for *where there is no vision, the people perish. Great men are not always wise.* We must not forget that *wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding. Man doth not live by bread alone.* We must *write the vision, and make it plain upon* [*stone*] *tablets, so that he who runs may read."*

Then will *all the people arise as one man,* and *shout,* and *say, "God save the king!"*

And these are a few samples from the cultural wealth of just the Old Testament! For literature is not the only beneficiary of this cultural heritage from the Bible. These countless expressions of apt and picturesque reference have come to be so ingrained into the English langauge of common usage that to seek them out would be to ask: *"Who can number the sands of the sea and the drops of rain, and the days of eternity?"*

To the Christian, the Bible is sacred as a collection of divinely-inspired writings. But to the student of English literature as well, and to English-speaking peoples of whatever literary pretensions, the Bible is indeed "the Book of Books." ■

THE LAST WORD

Reid Buckley

Paul Newman Announces for a Nuclear Freeze

Why in God's sweet name does anyone take notice of the political opinions of actors?

Pound for pound, showbiz people may be the most witless lot in Creation. (Oh, I know, there are exceptions, and one is sitting in the White House, but they are nevertheless like finding a star Caucasian on the Celtics.)

Shirley Maclaine learned how to get from Here to There a few years back, and inflicted on the public a book about her experience. She was breathless then; five-gets-you-ten she's in a state of catatonic pulmonary paralysis since discovering that among those who did not share her infatuation with Mao's China were 999,999,996 (whole population less Gang of Four) Chinese. Jane Fonda has admitted that all along she's been nothing but a parrot for the opinions of her husband, which she does not claim to understand, but which she would foist on the nation. We've had Alan Alda mashing for ERA in a last ditch desperate effort to Awaken Our Consciences Before It Is Too Late, which thank God it was. We can thank our stars (ho-ho-ho) that Alda wasn't asked otherwise to operate on the brain of the public, *a la* Jack Klugman, but the sad fact is that for every idiot stick a schtick is born, and instant nuclear freeze seems to be the latest to dither tinseltown. Personally, I can't wait to hear Robert Redford's analysis of the relative strategic strengths of the Soviet and U.S. ballistic missile systems about which he learned such a great deal from his long association with Butch Cassidy. Similarly, I am always thankful for the opinions of such as Shelley Winters on matters touching public morals (abortion), her privaté ones having been so greatly abused but so poorly heired.

I don't assert that actors are all stupid. I do assert that their political outrageousness is almost universal and almost always in left field. I don't know why the acting profession should be so populated with political cretins, except possibly that if politics has to do with the science as well as the art of government, and if the principles to be applied to the former must necessarily be grounded in reality, perhaps a career spent in verisimulations obnubilates the real world in the minds of actors and actresses. Their coin is fantasy; but why the devil they should influence public opinion on matters other than thespian is beyond reason.

Or is it? *Hasn't* the medium become the message? Ever since Little Big Man we all know that Custer was not only vainglorious and an ass, he was also homosexual. Ever since Apocalypse Now, we all know what Conrad *really* intended with Heart of Darkness. Just as movies have done their best to corrupt history and pervert the present, so television has distorted public perceptions. The news that doesn't appear on the nightly channel never happened. Unless the tree that falls in the forest is videotaped, it never was. We are unmoored from reality. Jack Klugman, because he plays a pathologist in Quincy, is called as a witness by the House SubCommittee on Health and Environment in an investigation of orphan drugs. (Never mind the meatheads in Congress!) Ed Asner, because he played a newspaper editor in a TV serial now mercifully defunct, assumes for himself the role of a political pundit—a sort of Bad Sir Brian Botany, flailing us with the battleaxe of his biases. Try penetrating the profundity of his thinking and you at once run into Zeno's paradox. And Jane Pawley, for Pete's sake, treats us not only to matinal doses of her post-Seventeen philosophy; in the afflatus of her podium on the Today Show she took to calling the winners of horse races. If Sister Jane can compete with Jimmy the Greek unprotested, why, no wonder some people believe that Howard Cosell speaks English, and others take the nasal maudlin bellyaching M*U*S*H of an Alda as media-worthy *ergo* worth listening to. Unfortunately, the tumescence of their egos hasn't been visited by an appropriate mutescence of their tongues. In the sane society, mummers should be shown in—and out—by the side door. ▣

Editor's Note: This is the first of what will be a wide-ranging regular feature by Reid Buckley, whose bad temper becomes worse every day.